

Amer
Quarto
AP
2
189x

STUDENT REVIEW

A Kinder,
Gentler
Newspaper

year 3 issue 24

Provo, Utah

March 15, 1989



M.U. Sowell
4011 JKHB, BYU
Provo, UT
84602

SR art by Jeff Lee

US Bulk Rate
Paid
Permit No. 48
Provo, Utah

STUDENT REVIEW

year 3 • issue 23

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

Student volunteers from all disciplines edit and manage Student Review; however, opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect views of the SR staff, BYU, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Student Review is published weekly during fall and winter semesters and monthly during spring and summer terms by Student Review Foundation, a nonprofit corporation. SRF operates under the direction of the Foundation for Student Thought, also a nonprofit corporation.

A year's subscription costs \$10.

We invite all students to get involved with Student Review. Articles are welcome from anyone involved in the BYU campus community.

Student Review
P.O. Box 7092
(801) 377-2960

Publisher • Brian J. (BJ) Fogg
Associate Publisher • Eric Wilson

Editor-in-Chief • Sir Gary Burgess
Contributing Editor • Merrill E. Oates
Associate Editor • Bruce Pritchett
Issues and Awareness Editor • Mark Christiansen

Assistant Editors • Heather Barton, Shaun Sintay, Rebecca Malphrus, John Murphy
Copy Editor • Connie Nelson
Opinion Editor • Allison Allgaier
Assistant Editors • Eric Schultze, Julie Cline, Gordon Myers, Jennifer Parker
Campus Life Editor • Scott E. Calhoun

Arts & Leisure • David Sume
Assistant Editor • Julie Curtis
Fiction Editor • Lee Mortensen
Film Reviews • Scott Siebers
Music Reviews • Jeff Hadfield
Games Guru • Tracy Miess
Calendar • Laura Moore
Copy Director • Diane Berner
Copy Editors • Elizabeth Roosma, Arlene Osborn, Jill Petersen, Rae Ann Brannon, Courtney Johnson, Ginny Charles
Writer's Group • Mark Freeman, Kristen Rushforth, Michelle Youtz, Laura Moore, Karen Dick, Tamara Townsend

Business Manager • Carolyn Jew
Assistant Business Manager • Peter Zwingli
Accountants • Nicole Price, Robin Ritch
Tax Accountant • Allison Allgaier

Ad Sales Manager • Mary Kay Vance
Ad Reps • Tim Hough, Steve Esplin, Laurie Moore, Kim Belma, Darren Vance, Tricia Parkinson, Stacy DaGrade, Russell Wrangle, Steve Olpin, Karen Bergeson, Eileen England, Joanie England, Carrie Bamberg, Andy McBride
Personnel Director • Diane Anderson
Personnel • Jennifer Dixon, Erik Shim Melbusch
Public Relations Director • Brian Breinholt
PR Reps • Wendy Secrist, Cinda Callister, Christen Hansen, Glenn McKenney, Janet Raab, Kelly Sanford
Historian • Cinda Callister

Production Director • Sterling Augustine
Saturday Director • Alyson Rich
Monday Director • Scott Crystal
Layout • Steve Trotter, Suzanne Condie, Jennifer Meekins, Jacqueline LeVasseur, Jason Gardner, Jenni Graham
Art Director • Jeff Lee
Artists • Doug Fakkell, Cassie Christensen, Lori Nelson, Amy Williams
Dr. Frankenstein • James Barrier
Creative Geniuses • Nathan Augustine, Lorrain Eubanks, Katie Donahoe, Carolee Cardon, Pam Fairbanks, Jennifer Chow, Elsy Perla, Michelle Dusser
Subscriptions • Cheryl Nichols
Special Forces • Connie Moore

Publisher's Roommate's Note:

Why I Hate Student Review

I once liked *Student Review*. I used to read it, enjoy it, laugh at it—maybe even read the paper over lunch or during a boring class. But now, since my roommate has become the publisher, life is a living hell!

Don't get me wrong—I like Brian. He's a great friend and a fine roommate under any normal conditions. But living in the same room with him and *Student Review* has become sheer misery and inconvenience that I could do without.

Monday night is the worst. Brian calls it paste-up. I guess that's when they put the paper together. Brian never gets home before 1 a.m., and usually it's more like 2 a.m. And then when he finally comes home, he usually trips over the phone cord or has to clear junk off his bed. It always wakes me up. One night some idiot even called after paste-up at 1:30, just to see how things went.

Believe me—the phone calls never end. Luckily, Brian has his own phone line, so I don't have to answer the calls. But he has this enormous black phone that rings and rings like a fire alarm and can't be turned down. Then if he's not home, his answering machine kicks on and I have to hear every stinking message. I'm slowly accumulating enough information to be able to run this paper myself.

Who calls? Everyone! The editors, the advertising reps, businesses wanting to buy ads, students who want to submit articles, the press, and every other *Review* staffer who can't solve a minute problem on their own—they just call the publisher.

Last week my frustration mounted after the fire-alarm phone rang for the seventh time within 20 minutes. I just picked up the phone and screamed: "He's not here, you jerk!" and hung up.

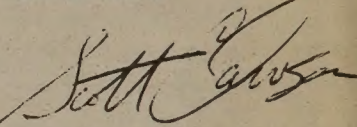
Furthermore, I'm forced to have personal contact with weird people I don't know, some have greasy hair and K-mart shirts. How can I relate? I'm a business major. These people come over to see Brian or drop something off. "Is BJ here?" they ask. I just answer, "Yeah, he's in his room." (It use to be MY room, but it's become an extension of the *Review* office.)

When Brian's not home I just tell them, "No, he's not here, and I don't know where he is, and I don't want to take a message or do something for you. Do you think I'm his secretary!"

Another problem is Brian. He's always talking about this paper. It was fine at the start. Actually, I liked hearing the scoop on everything: an article, a staff member, the dirt on BYU. But does Brian think or talk about anything else—girls, for example? Hearing your roommate talk about only one subject for the

most part can drive a guy crazy.

There was a time when I liked to be home in my room listening to music or studying uninterrupted. Since Brian became the publisher, my life has changed. I've tried to adjust, change my schedule, become more patient, be more accepting, and even move out (and I own the place!). So here's my advice for keeping your sanity at BYU: Before recruiting any new roommates, make sure they don't work for *Student Review*.



Scott Clawson
Publisher's Roommate

Scott is starting a support group for roommates of *Review* staffers.

Hair In Your Eyes

To the Kinder, Gentler Newspaper Staff:

Not only do your artistic prints communicate stability and offer peace to your patrons, your articles provide each BYU student with awareness of his or her (excuse me—her or his) world. Your reality is so factual that I find myself questioning why (I) read your paper—I feel the same circumstances surrounding me. In fact just yesterday my friend was laid behind the market.

I have recently returned to our private religious university from a year in Great Britain and a year in a midwestern city. Your depiction of life and people playing in life astounds me and I am grateful to you for allowing me a room with a view. Perhaps, you could extend your subscriptions to Earl's Court or San Francisco. East Enders would benefit from such exquisite culture. As an English major, I applaud your literary imagination exhibited in your works. Never has a portrait of deodorant evoked pity for unfulfilled love. Thank you Sir Gary Burgess for including it in Arts & Leisure.

I need my rose-tinted glasses removed and you need your hair cut. The hair in your eyes may be the cause of your blindness. Or maybe not. Shadows deceive easily without the sun. Get out of the cave SR!

A near-sighted reader,
Mei Li Evans

As an English major you might be familiar with the opinion expressed by many literary critics that literature isn't necessarily supposed to mirror reality. As an example, in the English Class I have this semester, the professor told the class the further a story removes itself from reality, the more effective it will be.

You might also take a glance at the mission statement of the Review, located on this very same page. It begins to explain the dissimilarity between the ideas or beliefs conveyed in the newspaper, and those of the editorial staff.

staff notes

- "Turn the other cheek" We found our missing stands and filed a felony charge against the offenders.
- Reserve 24 March for a massive SR party.
- SR offices will be moving soon. Stay tuned.
- Jason Gardner got three big stitches removed. Ouch. Send sympathy cards.
- Diane Anderson shaved her legs for the first time in two years.
- Wanted: Women to serve in editorial positions.

Tasteless and Repulsive

Dear Editor,

Since the beginning of this semester, I have served as a copy editor for the Front Page section of your paper. However, the article "The Affair" in your March 8 Arts and Leisure section has caused me to reconsider. I found it tasteless and repulsive. I no longer want my name listed as a contributor in a paper that tolerates such material.

Originally, I was reluctant to join your paper because I had found much of the art and the articles, mostly in the Campus Life and Arts and Leisure sections, not only banal and juvenile, but also offensive. But the people who worked for the Front Page changed my mind; they seemed to care about journalistic integrity.

During my time with the paper, still, much of the rest of the paper bothered me. "Must the paper print some of these articles?" I thought to myself. The paper had a sleazy feel that I was ashamed of.

Perhaps the problem is all mine, but I do not think so. Several of my friends object to the paper; and both my editor, a fellow copy editor, and the Opinion Page editor, Eric Schulzke, have had qualms similar to mine.

Although the paper purports to be objective, it is not. No matter how hard one may try to write objectively, his personal bias will always show through. There is no purely objective viewpoint. If *Student Review* feels it can best serve a mostly LDS community by printing anything, regardless of its value, it is sadly mistaken. By printing certain articles, the people

in charge at the *Review* have, in a tacit way, told us where their values lie.

Also, to believe that "anything goes" and that all opinions are equally valid is to say that there are no standards and no right and wrong. When someone decides all matters are relative, he or she presupposes a higher ground from which to view the competing opinions.

Does the *Review* do that? Yes. When it publishes repulsive articles like "The Affair" and Godless ones like those that challenge the Church by criticizing BYU and Church administration ("David Wright," "Sexism at BYU," etc.) it puts itself above the Church, the Gospel and the living prophet, and in doing so places Church beliefs alongside those of the world. In short, it purports that there are no real standards.

I would love to continue to work for the *Review* if it sought harder to print articles that informed about pertinent matters or entertained in a wholesome way, but unfortunately I cannot; that is, not until a new leadership arises or until the present leadership decides there are more important things than rebellion for rebellion's sake. Until the agenda of this paper changes, I consider my resignation final.

Sincerely,

Jonathan Williams

UPB

The Secret Wonders of BYU

by Kaylie J. Walden

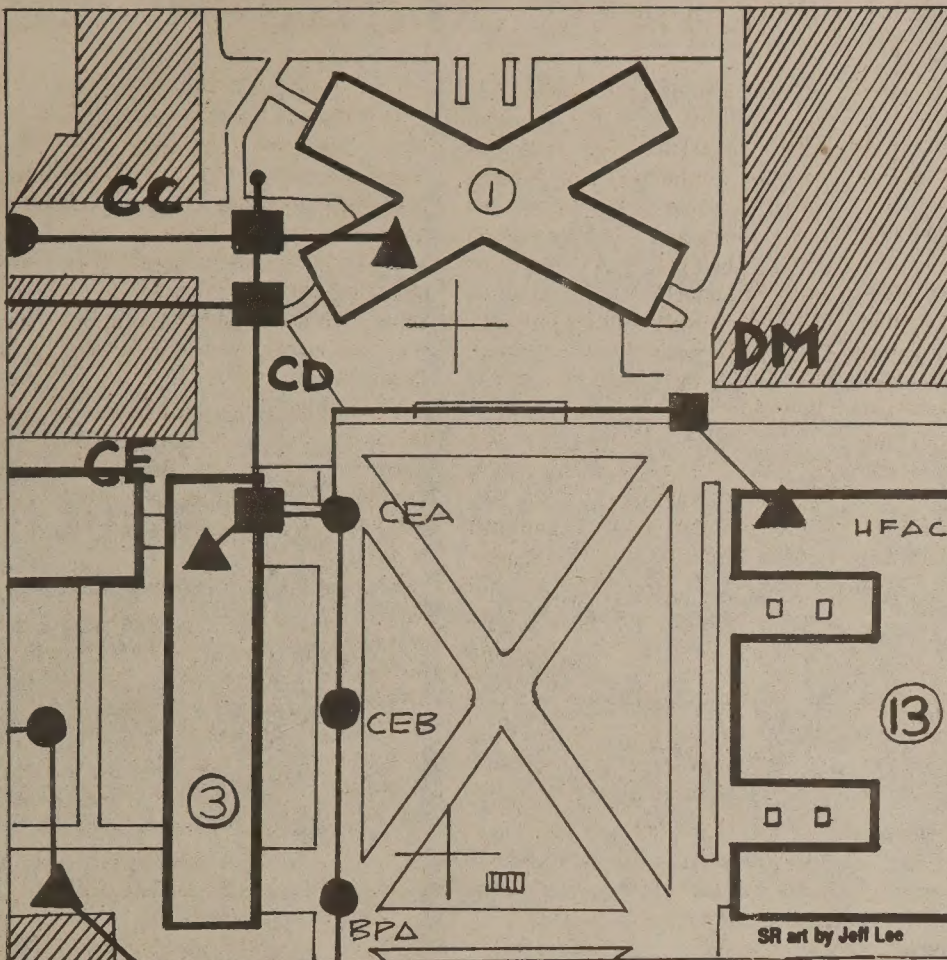
As you were sprinting to your eight o'clock class this morning and were brought to a sudden halt by BYU's lovely rendition of the national anthem, did you wonder where this music was coming from? While you were sitting on the lawn north of the Eyring Science Center, did you wonder why the physics majors snickered as they noted that you were getting tan from above and below? A tour of the ESC and other secluded campus niches will provide some interesting answers to these questions.

The origin of the national anthem is found in the stairwell leading from the Planetarium to the large telescope on top of the Science Center. Next time you go up to stare at the stars, take a glance at the wall on your right. You will notice a rather inconspicuous gray metal box with a padlock on it, and wonder no more.

A trip to the Underground Physics Lab is necessary to answer the more complex question about getting a tan from above and below. If you punch in the magic numbers and enter the secret door, you will find yourself heading down a less than mysterious stairwell that leads you into a large, subterranean room extending north under the lawn. There are lots of scientific looking gadgets in here, but it is with the two largest that our interest lies.

These are the university's 2 million volt and 4 million volt Van de Graff particle accelerators. They are used to accelerate a particle up to close to the speed of light, then, with the help of a large magnet, the particle is blasted into another object. Some of the atoms break up into protons, electrons and neutrons, and radiation is emitted. Hence, the concept of tanning from below.

When you get into the SWKT



There is also an operating room up there and a histology lab where the brain cells of past colony members are dissected and studied.

Later in the day you think about how grateful you are the snow is gone from the sidewalks, and you wonder why even on the iciest of days it melted off the stretch between the ESC and the Testing Center. Hey, wait! Maybe there is an elaborate sidewalk heating system. Or maybe it has something to do with those tunnels that supposedly run underneath the campus. You know, the ones that your neighbor's roommate's cousin's friend of a mission companion played sardines in a couple of years ago, but that you have never seen.

Well, the tunnels do indeed exist, but their purpose is nothing worth getting excited about. No, they don't lead to a hidden vault with ancient church records, nor do they lead to a secret elevator that will take

you up to President Holland's office. The tunnels are simply there to contain BYU's electrical and high temperature water systems. Nothing extraordinary—just hot, dark, dirty, and too small to stand up straight in.

As dusk approaches and the lights come on, you begin to think about all the electricity we use at the University. You wonder why at a progressive university like BYU we don't turn to some alternative forms

of energy, like nuclear for example.

Here it is folks: Brigham Young University has a nuclear reactor right here on (or should I say under) campus. Have you ever seen that largish cement box imbedded in the hill of the Botanical Gardens just down from the Maesar and Grant buildings? Behind its doors lies our very own nuclear reactor. Perhaps the reason that you have never heard of it is because it is only a 10 watt reactor and we gave all the fuel back to the government several years ago. So much for alternative energy forms.

The day closes, and as you sleep on your books in the library you dream of having no more wonders in your life. You dream of the security of your now omniscient state, having all of your previous questions about the campus answered. Suddenly, midnight is nigh and the sounds of Hawaii Five-O snap you out of your dream state. Then you realize that you don't know where the music is coming from.

Following your super sleuth instinct, you head directly to the Reserve Library where you find the central sound system for the library. Your last unexpected wonder being solved, you exit the Reserve Library thanking the Library Evacuation Music Coordinators for shattering your dreams, and you head for home.

Kaylie lives in the Italian House. She speaks several languages and likes tall, mysterious men.

Of Service and Responsibility

I don't agree with every article the *Review* publishes: I am disappointed when I see profanity or vulgarity in the paper; and naturally my opinion sometimes differs from the various authors'. I also don't agree with everything printed in the section I supervise. But I do believe in the goal of *Student Review*, which is to serve BYU.

I believe the continued success of the *Review* depends on whether the paper holds to its promise, printed every week in the masthead, of being "dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community." This is a community of faith aspiring to the highest Christian ideals. If *Student Review* is around when the calendar flips to 2000, it will be because the paper met the needs of its readers, delivering a product that is insightful, responsible and moral.

I believe *Student Review* has the potential to help BYU become, as President Kimball called for, a community of scholar-saints. By providing an independent forum, the *Review* allows us to discuss with each other our struggles to attain both sainthood and scholarship. The *Review* can help us to process more rigorously our experience as students, as Christians, and as human beings.

The paper also provides an additional, if unsolicited, channel for student feedback to the administration and the student service organization.

Student Review will accomplish these things only to the extent that people like you read the paper, give the editors constructive feedback, write articles, and even (heaven forbid) join the staff.

Student Review can be a constructive force for good at this university. I invite you to help us make it just that.

by Mark Christiansen
Issues and Awareness Editor

A Trip to Leningrad

by Dan Rooker

I spent last semester in the Soviet Union.

During the flight over, my first hint that we were almost there came when we made the Aeroflot (the Soviet National Airline) connection in Brussels: I realized we were going to have to walk out to our airplane, rather than board directly from the terminal. We couldn't decide if the plane was so far away because 1) the Soviets are tight and don't want to pay hard currency for gate fees, or 2) the plane was so ugly that they were afraid to let too many people see it. (The correct answer is both).

After a relatively short flight, during which we were served "real food" (versus "airplane food") and offered Russian tea from a real samovar (Russian teapot), we began our approach to the Pul'kovo Airport in Leningrad. Thankfully, I was already numb from exhaustion, which spared me from being paralyzed with fear. The approach reminded me of one of those "nailbiters" that I used to see on "Baa Baa Black Sheep."

Once safely on the ground, we went through customs. It wasn't the

absolute horror that some of us feared, but we did have a number of items confiscated by the customs officials. *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Vogue* are considered anti-Soviet propaganda. (According to the Soviets, *Vogue* is actually a pornographic attempt to undermine the high morals of Soviet youth).

After we had boarded our charter buses, we began the hour-long trip to our dormitory. Along the way we were introduced to the beautiful architectural monuments of Leningrad, most of them war memorials and monuments to Lenin. As we soon discovered, World War II still plays a very great role in the everyday lives of Soviet citizens.

The Russians suffered more than any other people during the war. To comprehend the magnitude of the destruction which took place in the USSR, imagine an invasion of the US starting at the East Coast and going all the way to the Mississippi river. Now imagine that all the factories, mines, office buildings, homes and so forth have been completely leveled.

The official figures state that about

twenty million Russians died in WWII. This number ought to stagger the American imagination. After all, the last real invasion of our country took place during the War of 1812, when the British briefly occupied Washington D.C. and burned down the White House and a few other buildings.

The next thing I noticed during the bus trip was the "fartsovshiki" or black marketeers. Our liaison from Leningrad University apparently knew them and let them onto our bus. It wasn't long before our new "friends" stopped sight-seeing and got down to matters of greater substance, like "foreign trade."

Yes, the stories about blue jeans and Reeboks are all true. 501s go for about 150 rubles (\$240), new leather Reeboks (the more weird-looking the better) go for 200 rubles (\$320), and a good walkman and battery recharger can bring up to 500 rubles (\$800). Of course the buying and selling of western clothing is not the only activity of the fartsovshiki (we called them "farts" for short). Besides being please see Leningrad on back page

A STUDENT ADVOCATE

Salt Lake Tribune Banned from Campus Housing?

Dear Student Advocate:

Recently I discovered a policy at BYU with which I most strongly disagree. I was trying to arrange a subscription with the *Salt Lake Tribune* and was told that the *Tribune* cannot be delivered anywhere on campus. Since I live on campus, this meant that I had to select another newspaper. No one I have asked seems to know the reason for this policy, although some speculate that it results from the *Tribune's* old (and no longer valid) reputation as an anti-Mormon publication.

Gary Thörnock
West Valley, UT

Gary:

I wouldn't put it past BYU to ban a respectable publication from campus. Although it is true that people living on campus cannot have the *Salt Lake Tribune* delivered to them, this is not because of any official BYU policy.

Let me explain the history. According to Karen, the *Tribune* area manager, about five years ago students living on campus could subscribe to the *Tribune*. Because the *Trib* is a morning paper, delivered around 6 a.m., the dorm buildings were always locked. Therefore, the carrier left the papers outside the buildings, hoping that the right people would get their papers. Apparently, that didn't happen. Other students took the papers and

the subscribers were left empty handed.

Efforts to coordinate the locked buildings with the *Trib* delivery people were unsuccessful. ("BYU is not very easy to work with," says Karen.) The *Trib* finally decided it could no longer offer subscriptions to those living on campus. As you found out, *Salt Lake Tribune* subscriptions are still not available on campus.

When I called Harold Redd, director of BYU housing administration, he didn't sound too excited about getting *Tribune* subscriptions back on campus, but he did say that they could probably work things out. On the other end, Karen from the *Tribune* also said they would be willing to try campus subscriptions again if there was enough demand.

So, Gary, (or anyone living on campus), if you want a subscription to the *Tribune*, here's what you can do: Call 1-(800)-662-9076 and convince the *Tribune* subscription department of the many potential customers on campus—enough business to offset the hassle of dealing with BYU bureaucracy.

Admittedly, you may not be able to bust through all the red tape before finals, but in taking initiative to change the system you'll be setting an important precedent.

The Student Advocate

Got a Gripe? Need help? Looking for a bureaucracy buster? Write the Student Advocate: P.O. Box 7092, Provo, 84602. The Advocate means action!

Club Spotlight: The Constitution Champions

by Carl D. Esplin

The Constitution Champions are students who "respect, uphold, or 'champion' the Constitution and encourage the study of constitutional principles in the tradition of the Founding Fathers."

Motivated by President Benson's October 1987 Devotional address, Harley White, a graduate student in electrical engineering, formed the Constitution Champions this semester.

President Benson asked Church members during that conference to study the principles of the Constitution, saying if people are familiar with the principles of the Constitution, they will be able to recognize when laws are constitutionally unsound.

White said, "The students study constitutional principles, recognizing that individual involvement in civic affairs and moral and righteous living are essential to a successful constitutional government."

The club holds weekly meetings every Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in 258 ELWC.

Carl is a member of Constitution Champions. He has a cousin who is a communist.

Being a BYU Athlete — Not All Fun and Games

by Shaun Sintay

Sitting in the Marriott Center with 20,000 other basketball addicts or in Cougar Stadium with over 60,000 crazy screaming fans, it is easy to imagine that BYU athletes lead a life of luxury, with their fame, glory, success, and a scholarship besides. Perhaps you walk away from the game wishing you were out there in one of those shiny blue and white uniforms. If you have the illusion that college sports are all fun and glory, here's a chance to learn a little about what goes on behind the scenes.

Obviously, being an athlete takes time. According to Tim Clark, a defensive lineman for BYU, football requires an investment of 35-40 hours per week during the season, and at least 15 hours a week during the off-season. For basketball players there is a similar commitment. According to Kevin Santiago, a starting guard on the BYU basketball team, they reserve about three hours a day for practice. During the early part of the season the team had daily doubles, which meant practice at 6:00 a.m. and again at 3:00 p.m.

Besides practice, there are the road trips. In the last seven weeks the basketball team has taken four road trips, leaving Provo on Wednesday and not returning till

Sunday. According to Steve Schreiner, a starter on the BYU team, not only do they miss school, but they don't get any homework done during that time.

According to Santiago, "When we go on road trips, no one says anything about studying. We try to, but you can't do it. It's just like being with twelve of your friends. On the road is when you develop most of your friendships with the team." Clark, who will graduate this year with a double major, says they always "take a whole bag of books just to make [them] feel good, but never open them. Too much anxiety."

The emotional strain and pressure of athletics can also make time less than productive. Mark Hesslop, a BYU basketball player from Ogden, Utah, says on a road trip your mind is focused on what you are going to do. The purpose is to win a game, and it becomes difficult to shift your focus from the sport to the books.

With this physical and emotional commitment, an athlete's education tends to suffer. Many students doubt whether the athletes are even concerned about an education. According to Clark, "It's not a [completely] false notion. There are still a lot of [athletes] that don't do a heck of a lot in the classroom."

However, he says, there are even more athletes who are very concerned about their grades.

In order to make the most of their education, given the other commitments, the athletes have to find professors who are willing to work with them. Mark Hesslop states, "I don't find favoritism by the professors, but if I find professors [who won't work with athletes], I avoid them." Andy Toolson said some professors are very good about allowing the players to reschedule exams when they are missed and to hand in papers when they return. But according to Santiago others are very hard to work with.

The players often wonder if the time they spend in their particular sport is worth the educational trade-off. According to Santiago, "Basketball is a selfish master," and you cannot say to your coach, "I have a big assignment so I can't come to practice today." Steve Schreiner says, "Although it's fun for us to play our sport, at times it's a full-time job, and it's kind of ironic because you're getting paid to come to school, but it takes so much time away from your studies that sometimes you don't do as well in school."

Clark says he puts in "a lot of hours over the years, and sometimes

I wonder what else I could have done with that time. Maybe I could have been a concert pianist or something."

It's obvious these athletes aren't playing for the money. Schreiner says the job pays about \$1.80 an hour. They can't be playing for relaxation either, because there is an "enormous amount of pressure" from coaches, teammates and fans, according to Clark. So why do they do it? There are, in fact, several rewards.

There are the opportunities to do missionary work. For football players, most opportunities come from within the team because there are many nonmember players. Some of these are interested in the Church. The basketball team members, because they are a smaller unit, have more opportunities to talk to people when they travel.

Andy Toolson relates a story of when he gave a Book of Mormon away. He began speaking in an airport with a student who recently graduated from Montana and was writing a thesis on Mormonism. During his research the student had read a lot about the Book of Mormon, but had never found one in his library. Consequently, he was very excited to discover that Toolson was from BYU, and even more excited to

receive a Book of Mormon. According to Toolson, "Anyone can do that, anyone who travels and sees people."

The players also accept speaking assignments at elementary schools, youth groups, and firesides throughout the year. Between April and June of 1988, the basketball team filled 70-80 speaking assignments. Tim Clark estimated having filled 40-50 assignments in the past year. According to Mark Hesslop, the speaking assignments are probably their "biggest contribution as far as service [and] helping others."

Probably the greatest motivation for the players is their love of the sport. "You don't get the satisfaction from getting your scholarship check every month. It comes from going out and competing and winning," Hesslop says. Kevin Santiago added, "If I wasn't playing basketball, I would be doing something else." The other athletes agree.

Shaun does not participate in sports, but is an avid athletic supporter.

CAMPUS LIFE

Editor's note: This week's Campus Life section will address the misconceptions and stereotypes that men and women have about each other. We are featuring both the male-female perspectives.

These pieces may create more misconceptions and stereotypes about men and women, although this is not our intent. Our hope is that through this laughter we will see the foolishness of sexist thinking. This is satire.

Point: Things My Father Taught Me

by Elwood Fish

I was well-trained as a child. Well, that's what my father says, but my mother tends to disagree. She cites examples such as belching contests to prove her point, but Dad and I consider these essential experiences in malebonding. Anyway, probably the most useful advice my father gives me is about girls, or the female species in general. I've numbered these for clarity's sake, but Dad doesn't usually give his pearls of wisdom in such an organized string. He's too busy trying to come up with more.

1. Girls are always late unless you are.

2. No one understands girls, including girls.

3. Girls will never tell you what they want, but they will detail exactly what they don't want. Men who can use the process of elimination do best.

4. There are no experts on the female species. Those that call themselves experts are the victims of too many patronizing females. No one can totally understand them, and no one should try.

5. Geographic stereotypes are universally incorrect. Not all California girls are tan and nubile; not all Utah girls have ample hips. Those that don't fit the stereotype aren't as noticed because they don't match expectations.

6. Christmas is Barbie make up kits. Barbie make-up kits don't come with instructions. I know this because I have been to after-Christmas sales and seen girls shopping in new sweaters and technicolor facepaint. My crude estimate is that 70 percent of these also received make-up training from Crayola.

7. For a girl, cuteness is life itself. You are generally in well with a girl

if she calls you cute. This puts you in the same league as hearts, doggies, cows, teddy bears, and babies.

8. The mascara/comprehension inverse relationship. For a teenage girl, her ability to comprehend even simple conversation or elementary humor decreases relative to the amount of mascara she applies. This gives partial explanation to why you could never hold an intelligent conversation with one at a church youth dance.

9. Girls think that they are fatter than they really are. Those that do not are probably too bright for you.

10. Many are unaware of the fine line

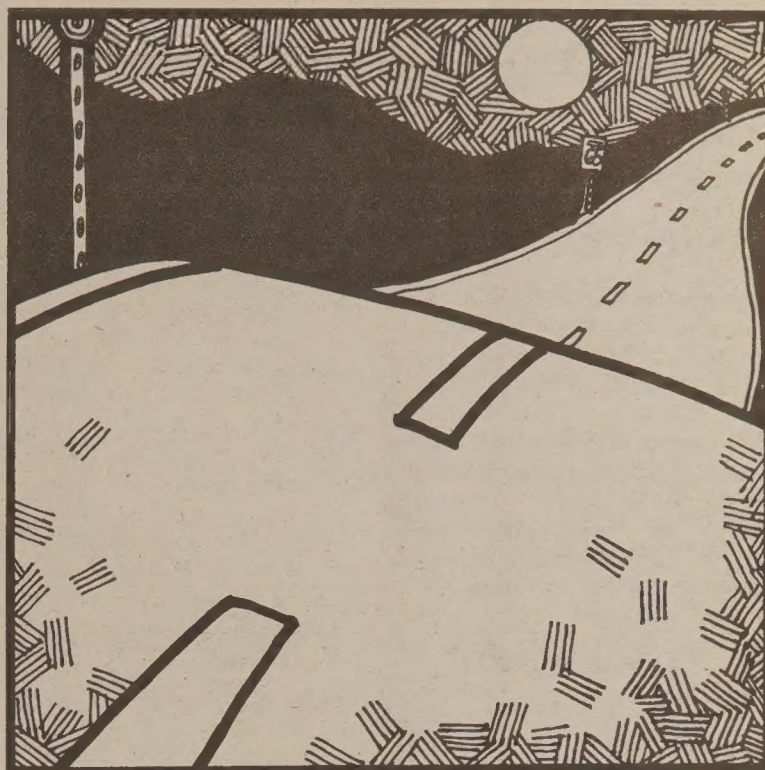
between being well-groomed and trying to make a model out of a mudhill.

11. Pretty girls have complexes. If they're pretty, they're distant. They're distant because they think that every guy is "after" them. Whether this is true or not, if you can tell that the pretty girl you are with is like this, it's best to excuse yourself from the room. Permanently.

Dad's a smart man, I think. I hope that he enlightens me on other important subjects soon, such as how to develop relations with Russia, the evil empire, but for now I still have to digest these.



SR art by Cassie Christensen



SR Art by Amy Williams

Point of the Mountain

by Fortenberry Witherspoon

They say that the two or so mile long stretch of road known as "The Point of the Mountain" is one of the most dangerous lengths of road in existence. I have no reason to doubt this postulate. Nor any others formulated about this desolate and despicable piece of highway.

I obviously have had a bad experience with the road. The story goes like this. I was coming home from a lovely skiing trip and I encountered "The Point" in one of its fiercer moods. As I proceeded South towards my meager apartment here in Provo and I passed the Draper exit and realized that terrible things were afoot.

You see, I'm an o.k. driver, but wind, snow, ice, rain and other atmospheric disturbances really cramp my abilities to guide the vehicle properly. The Point is famous for all of these things and more I'm sure.

Of course, I was fortunate enough to have all of those conditions present for my crossing. That's the way my luck usually runs.

As I passed mile marker 292 I knew that impending doom awaited me up the road.

To prepare myself for my traversal of The Point I put in an R.E.M. tape please see Mountain on page 7

Counterpoint: Nordic Amazons for a Female Dominated Society

by Hildegard, Olga, and Gretyl

Men stereotype women. Fortunately, however, two sides of the coin exist. During our Beehive and Mia Maid years with open-eyed innocence we listened to our advisors extol the virtues of the male character. We proceeded into our Laurel years, still clinging to images of knights in shining armor, yet becoming increasingly aware that not all were capable of saving the day. Now far from our Scandinavian homes, at BYU, we view men objectively, perhaps with a bit more cynicism. Through our various experiences, we have compiled a list of characteristics explaining the male gender.

1. Good looking men at BYU support complex self-image problems. Because they are so infatuated with their own bodies, and so aware of their intellectual limitations, they feel it is best to be distant; they only know how to talk about two things — themselves and themselves. Those who can't talk at all you can use to your advantage; bring him to

any social function when you need an escort for "appearance only."

2. Christmas is new underwear and socks. This confuses most men, as they believe one pair should last a lifetime. Underwear is also used as a major fashion statement. The boxers or the "skivvys, grinders, or super-band waistbands" are much more worthwhile if they are partially visible above the pantline.

3. Men believe that women are to accessorize their egos. They try to surround themselves with as many beautiful women as possible. Clubbies and Middle Eastern sheiks are especially known to do this.

4. Mormon men believe that serving a mission is the key to all knowledge. They seem to feel that service in a foreign country (or Pineville Oregon) gives them answers to world peace, hunger, and every aspect of theology (Mormon and otherwise). Two years is only two years guys. You've still got a lot to learn.

please see Men on page 7



Mountain from page 5

in the player. It always helps to calm me because I can never exactly figure out what Michael Stipe is singing. Kind of takes my mind off the impending death and destruction down the road.

My hands took their normal, frenzied-state death grip on the steering wheel as my subconscious decided that I may as well have some part of me ready for the end.

The stereo's volume was up as high as it will go. The loudness has a threefold purpose. One, to drown out my shaky singing. Two, to try (in vain, I add) and divert my mind from the perils of the road. Lastly, to cover up the deafening whistle of the wind coming in through the cracks.

I was unsure if it was a really good idea to have the stereo up that high since I won't be able to hear the whispering of the Spirit with it that high. I turned it down only to realize that He was going to have to shout awful loud to make Himself heard over the wind.

I turned the volume back up.

The 1976 Ford Chateau van I was driving was not exactly built to handle the conditions that the Point presents it. Well, in retrospect, it might have been designed to withstand more than the Point, but the poor thing is a bit too old and tired to take the grinding and severe punishment that only places from Hell like The Point can dish out. If I listened

really close I could hear the thing cursing at me for putting it through the torture.

Or is it just the wind?

The wind started to oscillate and it shook the van back and forth. For some perverse reason it was almost in rhythm with the song playing. The uniqueness of that phenomenon struck me as interesting, but I was too busy panicking and trying to keep the vehicle under control to give it much serious thought.

I can never decide on a good speed to go when traversing The Point. The more panic-stricken side of me wants to go 70 to get the ordeal over sooner. The calmer more rational side insists on 50. I usually compromise at about 60 and am on the verge between hysteria and the calmness of a mortician.

I conservatively put myself in the middle lane. That is so when the wind whipped with especially strong ferocity I would be blown into the next lane rather than face oblivion in the median or some other nasty place. Later I commend myself on this wise decision because I get blown halfway into the left lane. At that point I didn't even care if there was someone occupying that other lane because I was too busy trying to maintain control of the van. Plus one of the distinct advantages of driving a vehicle as large as a 1976 Ford Chateau van is that most

people will get out of your way in a hurry. Especially if you make a few precautionary weaving maneuvers to let them know that you are not entirely in control of the large mass of steel.

I then saw something that almost made me wet myself. From out of nowhere this green snow covered Toyota Celica that passes me on the left going about Mach 2. I looked blankly at his rapidly diminishing taillights and wondered how he got out of the State hospital. I quickly reworked this theory and decided that he was on his way Southward to Provo for more treatment at the Hospital there. It was either that or he had no family or friends that wanted to see him again.

To my right the State Prison appeared. That night the wind blew so strongly that it whipped up the powdery snow within the confines. A hazy glow was cast from the snow cloud as the eerie orange lights reflected off the snow with great wispy fingers escaping over and through the fences. I was almost hypnotized by the beauty.

A glance at the road ahead of me put a quick end to all of my artistic musings. I was going to die so who cared about "wispy fingers?"

The evening held one more major scare. I had been having visibility difficulties as mist formed on the windshield and the wipers were no

big help in clearing the stuff off. They just spread the dirt over the glass cutting my perception down to nil. The only thing that helped was to give off a few short bursts with the wiper fluid.

Guess what ran out right after a large truck passed me and basically obliterated my view of the road? I panicked and was ready to get out and spit on the windshield to clear the muck from it. I spent the rest of the voyage home looking through a tiny clear area near the middle of the windshield.

For me, the end of the possibili-

ties of Point-induced death happens when I pass that little green sign indicating that I am entering Utah County. I gratefully passed the sign and relaxed my white knuckle grip on the wheel. I turned down the radio and the whistling wind was gone. I eased back in the seat and prepared for a pleasant trip to Provo.

The Point proved itself to be depraved still and let loose with one final gust that sent the van reeling, causing adrenalin to shoot through my entire body, and put me on the alert for the rest of the trip. I hate that place.

Men from page 5

5. There is power in numbers. Men think they are smarter, wittier, and more appealing than they are, especially when congregated in groups of two or more. This is evidenced in religion classes and football games. In reality the level of obnoxiousness increases in direct proportion to the size of the male group.

6. Franklin planners make the man. Wrong. They make women question a man's decision-making abilities. In fact, use of a Franklin planner is another testimony of male insecurity. It appeases a desire to carry a purse. We call this "the purse envy" syndrome.

7. Men's fixation with sports promotes disinterest in women. As they view other men in tight girdles chasing around a little ball, their fascination with the female physique dissolves.

Nordic Amazons for a Female Dominated Society is a non-profit organization serving Scandinavian women 5'9" or taller who are striving to dominate men. They will hold a meeting in the first floor bathroom of the Smith Family Living Center this Friday night. Elwood Fish will be the guest speaker.



THERE AREN'T ANY BAD APPLES IN THIS BUNCH!

Now Accepting Applications for Spring / Summer & Fall / Winter

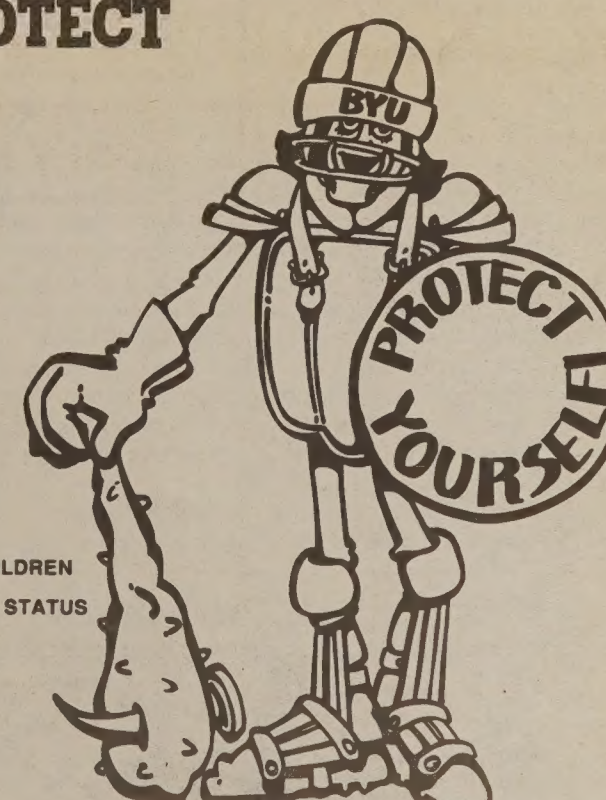
- 🍏 CENTENNIAL II 374-8441 450 N. 1000 E.
- 🍏 PARK PLAZA 373-8922 910 N. 900 E.
- 🍏 CENTENNIAL 374-1700 380 N. 1020 E.
- 🍏 ROMAN GARDENS 373-3454 1060 E. 450 N.
- 🍏 SPARKS 375-6808 999E. 450 N.

Spaces Available for Winter. B.Y.U. Approved.

HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST SEXUAL ASSAULT

SPONSORED BY:

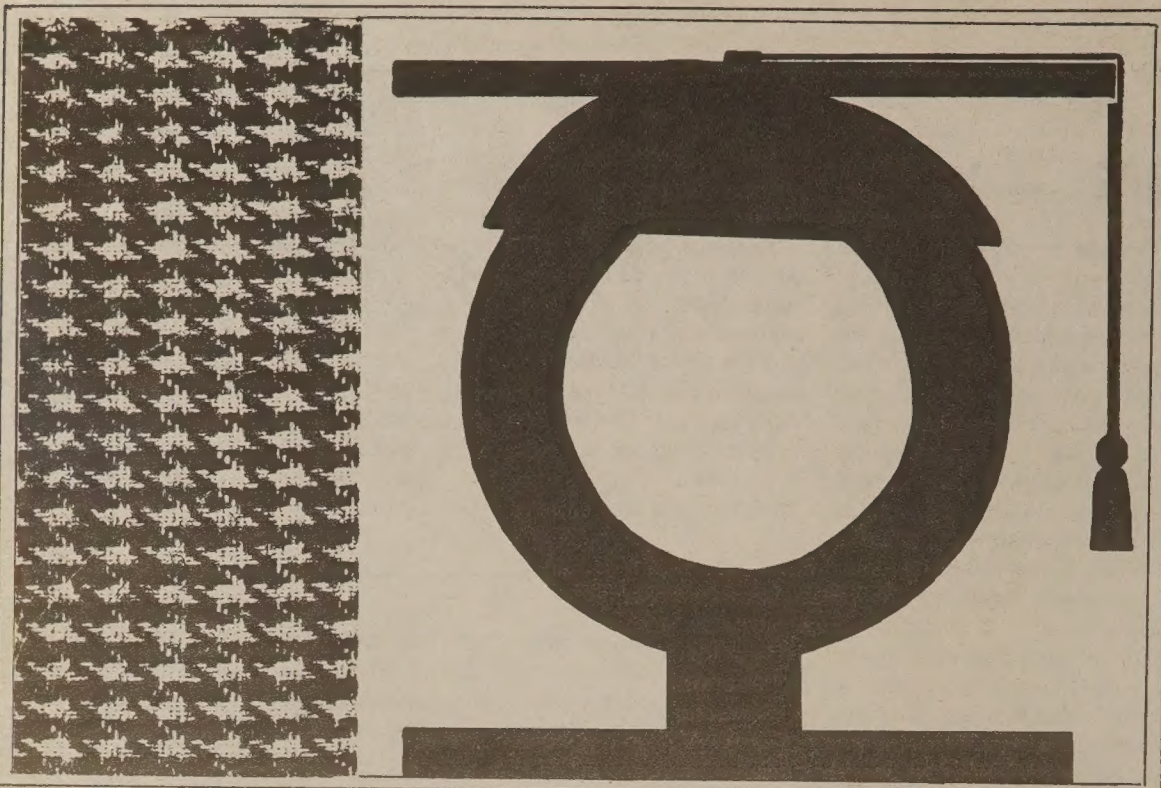
BYUSA
UNIVERSITY POLICE
SHELTER FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN
STUDENT ADVISORY COUNSEL
COMMITTEE TO PROMOTE THE STATUS OF WOMEN/RESPONSE



DATE: March 13 - 17

TIME & PLACE

Mon. March 13	3:00 p.m.	Cougar Eats Mezzanine
Tues. March 14	1:00 p.m.	Cougar Eats Mezzanine
Wed. March 15	4:00 p.m.	Cougar Eats Mezzanine
Thurs. March 16	11:00 a.m.	Cougar Eats Mezzanine
Fri. March 17	12:00 p.m.	Cougar Eats Mezzanine



SR art by Jeff Lee

Why Baking Cookies Isn't Enough Women and Academics

by Julie Cline

"Why are you studying geology? You'll never be able to use that." "Why not save some money or invest in a car and food storage instead of going back for your master's degree?" If indeed most of the women here at BYU will one day be wives and mothers, wouldn't it be a better use of time to go to work and save some money before getting married? Education and degrees have their place and all, but given the fact that the prophet has urged us to be at home with our children, shouldn't more practical things like saving money and taking night classes in child development or 1-2-3 sewing made easy take precedence?

Now, sewing and child development have their place. Realistically speaking, however, they do not count much when seeking employment in today's market. Due to a myriad of reasons, more women

than ever before are in the work force today and must be prepared to support themselves—and sometimes a family—financially. According to the *Church News*, approximately one-third of the adults in the church are single. This includes unmarried men and women, divorcees and widows/widowers.

Women compose a majority of this surprisingly large singles group and thus are required to work. Sometimes financial circumstances require that both the wife and husband work. Julie Willis, mother of two and a graduate from BYU with a master's degree in geology, has found it necessary to work part-time. Not only has she been able to get a "very good paying" part-time job, but geology is something she enjoys, the hours are flexible and she is able to afford high quality childcare.

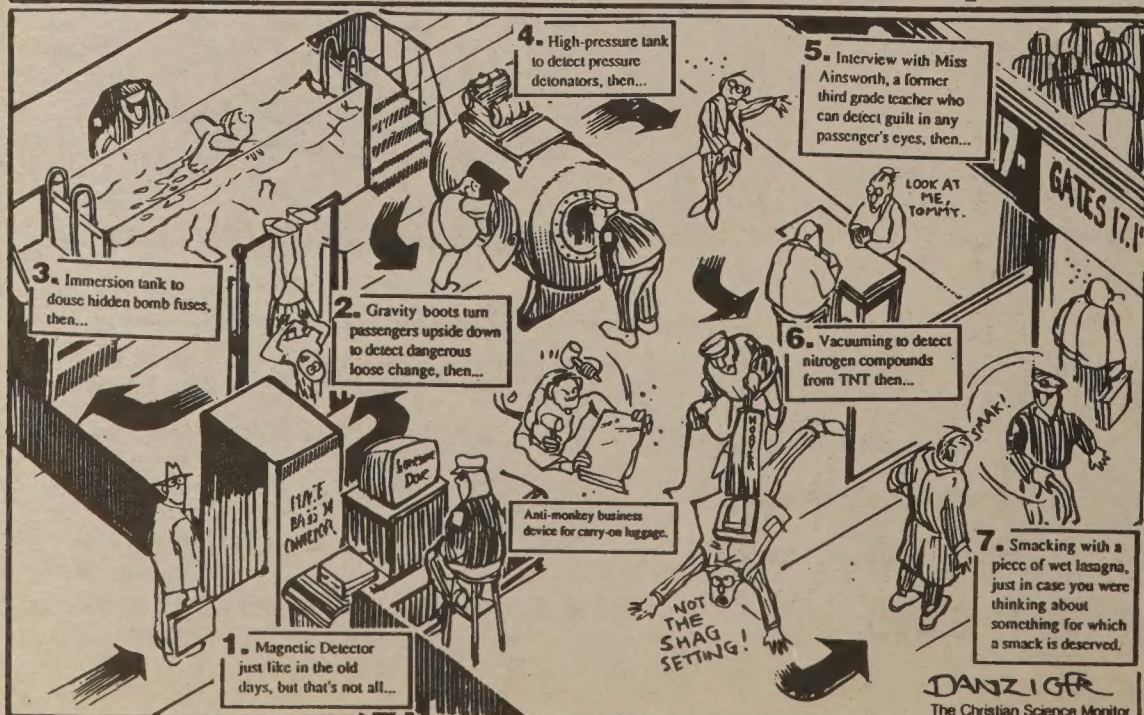
Without a degree, occupational opportunities are severely limited

and working standards are substantially lower than those in occupations requiring degrees. Long hours and low wages often reduce life to a level of survival. Nancy Reynard Gunn, a wife and mother of six, is back in school working towards a bachelors degree. At age eighteen, she attended college, but never graduated because she married at age twenty. A few years ago, because of the need to support missionaries in the field and other reasons, she went back to work. She found that in her "unskilled" position, just over minimum wage was all she could earn.

Nancy says, "you can list all your leadership callings in the church but they don't do much as far as a salary increase goes." The available jobs, she found, were limited to mostly office work. Having done some freelance writing and enjoying pri-

Please see Academics on page 10

New Security Procedures for the Nation's Airports



OPINION

The False Gods We Worship

by President Spencer W. Kimball

Editor's Note: The False Gods We Worship originally appeared in the June, 1976 issue of the Ensign. The following are some excerpts from that article.

The Lord gave us a choice world and expects righteousness and obedience to his commandments in return. But when I review the performance of this people in comparison with what is expected, I am appalled and frightened. Iniquity seems to abound. The Destroyer seems to be taking full advantage of the time remaining to him in this, the great day of his power. Evil seems about to engulf us like a great wave, and we feel that truly we are living in conditions similar to those in the days of Noah before the Flood.

The Brethren constantly cry out against that which is intolerable in the sight of the Lord: against pollution of mind, body, and our surroundings; against fornication, adultery, homosexuality, and all other abuses of the sacred power to create; against murder and all that is like unto it; against all manner of desecration.

That such a cry should be necessary among a people so blessed is amazing to me. And that such things should be found even among the Saints to some degree is scarcely believable, for these are a people who are in possession of many gifts of the Spirit, who have knowledge that puts the eternities into perspective, who have been shown the way to eternal life.

Sadly, however, we find that to be shown the way is not necessarily to walk in it, and many have not been able to continue in faith. These have submitted themselves in one degree or another to the enticings of Satan and his servants and joined with those of "the world" in lives of ever-deepening idolatry.

Few men have ever knowingly and deliberately chosen to reject God and his blessings. Rather, we learn from the scriptures that because the exercise of faith has always appeared to be more difficult than relying on things more immediately at hand, carnal man has tended to transfer his trust in God to material things. Whatever thing a man sets his heart and his trust in most is his god; and if his god doesn't also happen to be the true and living God of Israel, that man is laboring in idolatry.

The Lord has blessed us as a

people with a prosperity unequalled in times past. The resources that have been placed in our power are good, and necessary to our work here on the earth. But I am afraid that many of us have been surfeited with flocks and herds and acres and barns and wealth and have begun to worship them as false gods, and they have power over us. Do we have more of these good things than our faith can stand?

Many people spend most of their time working in the service of a self-image that includes sufficient money, stocks, bonds, investment portfolios, property, credit cards, furnishings, automobiles, and the like to guarantee carnal security throughout, it is hoped, a long and happy life. Forgotten is the fact that our assignment is to use these many resources in our families and quorums to build up the kingdom of God—to further the missionary effort and the genealogical and temple work; to raise our children up as fruitful servants unto the Lord; to bless others in every way, that they may also be fruitful. Instead, we expend these blessings on our own desires.

One young man, when called on a mission, replied that he didn't have much talent for that kind of thing. What he was good at was keeping his powerful new automobile in top condition. He enjoyed the sense of power and acceleration, and when he was driving, the continual motion gave him the illusion that he was really getting somewhere.

This young man didn't realize that the power of his automobile is infinitesimally small in comparison with the power of the sea, or of the sun; and there are many suns, all controlled by law and by priesthood power that he could have been developing in the service of the Lord. He settled for a pitiful god, a composite of steel and rubber and shiny chrome.

I am reminded of an article I read some years ago about a group of men who had gone to the jungles to capture monkeys. They tried a number of different things [and] finally came upon an ingenious solution. They built a large number of small boxes, and in the top of each they bored a hole just large enough for a monkey to get his hand into. They then set these boxes out under the trees and in each one they put a nut that the monkeys were particularly fond of.

When the men left, the monkeys

Please see False Gods on page 10

Grademongers

by Allison E. Allgaier

Grademongers. We've all had a class with one. They are the ones who, after watching the professor solve a complex business equation to determine optimum production level, raise their hand and ask, "if I rounded up to 7.2 instead of 7.1, would I get credit on the test?" They are the ones whose only question in any class is "will this be on the test?" as though this optional knowledge is somehow contaminating.

Basically, these people assume that the most important factor in getting a job, in being accepted to graduate school, or in surviving life, is grades. So they concentrate on getting good grades. Their approach to studying is to learn only the minimum required to pass the test, and nothing more. They think that in doing this they are beating the system, taking the easy way out, and will have a better GPA to show for it.

But anyone who tries to get through school this way is going to eventually run into two obstacles. First of all, contrary to popular belief, this grademonger attitude does not, in the end, result in a higher GPA. It may have worked for us in high school, but here in college we are expected to absorb a much greater amount of information, acquire a much deeper understanding, and gain the ability to apply it in varied situations.

Obviously, we can't go out and read every scholarly work published on a subject before we are tested on it, but having the attitude of really wanting to understand the material instead of just memorizing certain facts for the test gives us a much more solid grasp on the sub-

ject and we can better apply what we have learned on a test.

Grademongers tend to quibble with teachers when tests are returned, saying certain questions were unfair because they were never covered in class. But professors sometimes use questions like that so that those who really sought for an understanding can easily adjust and demonstrate their understanding. Good grades are then a natural outcome. Meanwhile the grademongers fall by the way.

Secondly, not only does grademonging lead to a dead end in school, if it defines our attitude when we enter the real world we will be highly limited in our careers. Our education should be preparing us for life, and if we strive only for the minimum required in school we will never achieve the maximum in life. Grademongers may think they are getting away with something, but by only learning enough to "get by" they resign themselves to a life of mediocre grades, mediocre jobs, and mediocre pay.

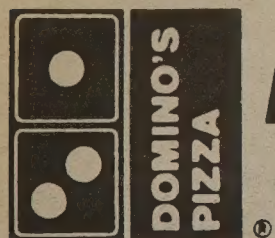
This is because in the real world, unlike on a test, we are responsible for knowing everything. Life doesn't run on formulas. Formulas are learning aids to help us see the relationship of the variables. Sometimes even the variables are unknown—just educated guesses at best, like what changes China would make in its economic system if Deng Xiao Ping died, or how many more people would buy a product if a certain advertising campaign was run, or how long it would take to get to downtown L.A. in rush hour. It's useless to quibble over the difference between 7.1 and 7.2, because

chances are the right answer is 12.7.

In order to succeed in life, we need to look at the variables and examine why their relationship is as the book indicates. When we understand these concepts, then we can publish scholarly works, produce technological innovation, manage huge multi-national corporations. But if we content ourselves with complacency because we know the formula will be on the test, then we will spend our lives being data entry operators or laboratory assistants.

Grademongers, for all their annoying persistence, can't beat the system. Only when we overcome this grade-centric attitude can we achieve our potential and be the true leaders and movers of society.

Allison has an extensive earring collection. Her favorite meal is breakfast.



March Madness
25¢



Coke or Sprite

When you order a 16" 2-item or more pizza, you can get a 16 oz. bottle of Coke or Sprite for only 25¢ (plus 10¢ deposit). Offer valid March 1 thru March 31, 1989. Limit of 6 bottles per pizza.



*Nobody
Delivers Better™*

PROVO 374-5800
NO. OREM 226-2100
SO. OREM 226-6900

Not valid with any other offer.
Limited delivery area.
Sales tax included.

Lip Sync 89

1st Prize-\$200 Cash
2nd Prize-\$75 Cash
3rd Prize-\$25 Cash

Audition Nights (7:45-9pm) **WELLA**
Tonight & Thurs. March 28 & 29

Preliminaries
March 24-25 &
March 31-April 1
Finals • April 7-8

Shock Waves

Wednesday is Ladies Night
Ladies 18 & Over with current
student ID Get in Free.

The
PALACE

374-9272 • 501 NORTH 900 EAST • PROVO, UTAH

Limited Time Only!*

One full evening of
fun and fantasy with
James Barrier.

Call Now!
374-9920

- Sumptuous Dinner
- Lively Conversation
- Exciting Entertainment
- Jacuzzi Hopping
- AND MORE!

*Your name must be Cathy Gordon to qualify.

Academics from page 8

marily creative work, Nancy found the regimentation of the office suffocating. Necessity forced her to endure office work until she had the opportunity to return to school at age 45.

But there are alternatives to long hours, low wages, and doing something you don't enjoy. Through education, options open up and choices are provided. Political Science Professor Valerie Hudson, a Ph.D. from Ohio State, described an influential experience she had as an undergraduate student at BYU. While working graveyard shift and "scrubbing toilets in the Wilkinson Center, I decided I did not ever, ever, want to find myself dependent on something like that to keep me financially afloat."

Sometimes, unforeseen incidents like divorce, injury, or premature death force women to become the breadwinners. Hudson feels it "crucial for a woman to realize that no matter how righteous she is, there may be circumstances that arise which will force her to support herself and her children." If this is the case, many times a degree will assist in putting in "quality" as opposed to "quantity" working hours. In addition, sometimes a degree will make it possible for women to work out of their own homes.

Many women seek degrees because they will have to work. Because of important underlying values, however, many LDS women procuring degrees may never compete in the market; they may never work up to that corporate position; they may never see the inside of the laboratory; and they may never make it to Wall Street. The majority of these women will—by choice—be at home, raising families.

Whether women use their degrees in the marketplace or not, it seems that interest in learning has increased. Women are pursuing graduate degrees in increasing numbers. This appears to indicate that going to college for women is not just an attempt to fight ennui or to fill the interim between high school

graduation and marriage; women can and are contributing significantly at all levels.

It might seem a strange incongruity—incredulous to many of our non-LDS counterparts—that a bright, talented woman would put so much time, energy, and money into a degree that she might not ever intend to pursue. Achieving a high level of education is part of the means to achieving an end: being a wife and mother at home. The words wife and mother often conjure up images of dishes, laundry, and shopping. If this indeed is the end, why bother with a degree? The money and time spent in obtaining a degree is not wasted because education prepares a woman to develop skills that make her a better mother.

On this subject, Brigham Young has said, "When you education a man, you educate a man. When you educate a woman, you educate a family." The amount of influence that a woman has—especially on immediate family members—is powerful. The more educated, refined, and sophisticated her attitudes and ideas, the more educated, refined, and sophisticated a home she can create. President David O. McKay said, "Motherhood is the greatest potential influence either for good or ill in human life. The mother's image is the first that stamps itself on the unwritten page of the young child's mind . . ." The creativity and resourcefulness that might have been channeled into a company could go into shaping the lives of her children, the quality of their education, and the quality of her community.

American Fork mother, Julie Willis, holds "school" sessions for her children. She teaches Tyler (her 3-year-old son) about the world, specifically math and science concepts. They also work on the computer together. Julie feels like she'll be able to give her children a big edge before entering school because of her educational training. "Generally speaking, math and science are weak subjects across the nation. Because most of the elementary school teachers themselves are weak in these sub-

jects they don't have much enthusiasm in teaching them," Julie adds.

The quality of the next generation depends on the mothers of this one. Raising secure, competent children takes more than just the physical presence of a woman at home. It requires positive, creative, and constructive training. Another LDS woman, criticized because of her "irresponsibility" in bringing more children into a world fraught with so many problems countered with "I'm bringing children into the world that are going to help solve these problems."

Finally, perhaps most important of all, the process of education goes beyond just making a better mother out of a woman. Education in itself refines and disciplines her mind. Speaking solely in terms of character development the process of education is valuable: learning about analytical thinking, learning how to do research, learning how to critically evaluate a piece of prose, a work of art, or a ballet.

Julie Willis has found that her training has boosted her self confidence in dealing with people at work, at church, and at home. "It has enhanced my relationship with my husband. I'm not dependent on him to make me something. He's not dependent on me to make him something. Together we're able to grow." In addition, she has been able to see a little bit more of the world. Julie's decision to be a mother is a result of choice, not circumstance. Because of that, Julie says, "I'm a much happier mother." You can't give what you don't have, and it seems that education is a vehicle that assists in the development of talents and interests.

Because of the society we live in, training in cooking and sewing isn't enough anymore. In order to meet the challenges of life—and teach our children to successfully meet them as well—an education brings immeasurable value to our lives.

Julie is an English major. In her spare time she enjoys flirting, foraging, and fantasizing.

False Gods from page 8

began to come down from the trees and examine the boxes. Finding that there were nuts to be had, they reached into the boxes to get them. But when a monkey would try to withdraw his hand with the nut, he could not get his hand out of the box because his little fist, with the nut inside, was now too large.

At about this time, the men would come out of the underbrush and converge on the monkeys. And here is the curious thing: when the monkeys saw the men coming, they would shriek and scramble about with the thought of escaping; but as easy as it would have been, they would not let go of the nut so that they could withdraw their hands from the boxes and thus escape. The men captured them easily.

And so it often seems to be with people, having such a firm grasp on things of the world—that which is

and no degree of emergency can persuade them to let go in favor of that which is celestial. Satan gets them in his gripeasily. If we insist on spending all our time and resources building up for ourselves a worldly kingdom, that is exactly what we will inherit.

We are a warlike people, easily distracted from our assignment of preparing for the coming of the Lord. When enemies rise up, we commit vast resources to the fabrication of gods of stone and steel—ships, planes, missiles, fortifications—and depend on them for protection and deliverance.

We forget that if we are righteous the Lord will either not suffer our enemies to come upon us or He will fight our battles for us. What are we to fear when the Lord is with us? Can we not take the Lord at his word and exercise a particle of faith in him? Our assignment is affirmative: to forsake the things of the world as ends in themselves; to leave off

idolatry and press forward in faith; to carry the gospel to our enemies, that they might no longer be our enemies.

We believe that the way for each person and each family to prepare as the Lord has directed is to begin to exercise greater faith, to repent, and to enter into the work of his kingdom on earth, which is The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It may seem a little difficult at first, but when a person begins to catch a vision of the true work, when he begins to see something of eternity in its true perspective, the blessings begin to far outweigh the cost of leaving "the world" behind.

Herein lies the only true happiness, and therefore we invite and welcome all men, everywhere, to join in this work. For those who are determined to serve the Lord at all costs, this is the way to eternal life. All else is but a means to that end.

CINEMARK THEATRES	
MOVIES 8 Plumtree Center 375-5667	\$1 ALL SEATS ALL SHOWS
BILL MURRAY SCROOGED 12:30 2:30 4:45 7:20 9:30	ACCUSED Kelly McGillis Jodie Foster 12:20 2:40 5:00 7:35 9:45
Tom Hanks big IN STEREO 1:25 3:15 5:05 7:05 9:20 11:30	FAREWELL TO THE KING 9:10 11:40
DAN AYKROYD · KIM BASINGER My Stepmother Is An Alien 1:00 3:00 5:15 7:40 10:00	From The Creators Of "An American Tail" THE LAND BEFORE TIME 1:00 2:30 4:00 5:40 7:20
Journey to the most wonderful place COCOON THE RETURN 12:15 2:25 4:40 7:05 9:40 11:50	THE NAKED GUN Dirty Scoundrels 12:20 2:30 4:40 7:00 9:15 11:30
MATINEES DAILY	

Live the regal life with King Henry.



The regal life is simple.

To make your life easier, we installed microwaves and dishwashers to shorten the time you have to spend in the kitchen. We also installed new counter-tops and oak cabinets to make that time a little more pleasant.

In May we're installing a phone service so you can avoid the hassle of deciding who made which phone calls where.

The regal life is spacious.

We've got plenty of parking, outside storage, basketball courts, a relaxing jacuzzi, a pool you can actually swim in, and a big field to play on.

In our clubhouse you'll find a spacious lounge with a fireplace, a quiet study room, a well equipped game room, a convenient laundry room, and a TV room for your video parties.

Call or visit King Henry today and live the regal life tomorrow.

F/W \$105-155
S/S \$80-100

450N. 1130E. 373-9723

ARTS & LEISURE

Really Big Heads



by Scott Siebers

Mt. Rushmore is one of those places that seems like it would be really disappointing. You'd get there and the faces would be a lot smaller than you thought and there would be tourists all over.

—Excerpt from a letter from "Linn" at NYU Law School

The dream to see Rushmore had lived for over a year. My little brother Skip suggested it for a long weekend last winter, showing his astonished fellow travelers just how close it was on a map.

The day before departure we read in the *Wall Street Journal* about a display of 200 polyester shirts at a museum in San Francisco and headed west to the Bay without looking back. Skip was gone this year but here it was again, that nagging dream, living and breathing and inducing a fever in my roommates: Smitty, AJ and The Doxer.

They dropped it on me very late one night just as I was returning from the pleasurable company of a certain significant other, billing it as "probably the last road trip we'll ever take together."

Of course I balked. Waste a long weekend with the guys when I could be with this captivating nymph? They hurled caustic insults about betrayal and obsession and fumed away, disappointed. Daylight brought clearer thought and a complete change of attitude: during the night the fever had infested me too.

There exists a demonic conspiracy between the BYU administration and local merchants to prevent students from ever leaving Provo during long weekends. Their methods are ruthless and effective, at the last minute tossing drastic debris in the escapees' path to discourage them.

For us the casualty toll rolled up without warning. AJ's girlfriend was leaving town indefinitely and he needed to stay and see her off. So much for the weekend with the guys. A phone call found Doxer's brother, Jimmy the Freshman, road-ready and once again we were four.

Then the DC auto adapter to power the disproportionally large tunebox fell apart before our eyes. We chipped in for a new one which immediately caused the box to munch a copy of *Physical Graffiti*, The Essential Zeppelin, the ultimate road tape. How could the trip continue?

Fortunately, the travel gremlins had badly underestimated us. We not only had the know-how to fix the electrical problem but a spare copy of *Physical Graffiti*, freshly recorded off the CD. As the first crushing riffs of "Custard Pie" tore the silence, it became clear that we were no ordinary travelers, but pilgrims. Pilgrims on a sojourn that would carry us far beyond some really big heads in South Dakota... to America, the supernatural, and eternal brotherhood.

Ten hours later I was behind the wheel during my least favorite shift-

—dawn. At Sydney, Nebraska's infamous "Dairy Queen Exit," I turned north on 385, leaving behind the security and familiarity of I-80. Just outside of Alliance I noticed some strange grey figures in the empty cornfields. I fought off the desire to keep pedal to metal and woke everyone with an urgent stop. In the middle of nowhere, someone, perhaps wandering Druids from Omaha, had constructed a replica of Stonehenge out of cars. Simply

dubbed "Henge" and spelled out with nameplates on the roof of a half-buried Plymouth, this unexpected shrine pushed back the envelope of reason.

We didn't know how to react. Properly stacked and arranged, bound by sturdy cables, and painted a flat grey, they eerily welcomed the rising sun. The fact that the trip odometer read exactly 666 miles from Provo sent a chill up our spines but didn't divert our ritualistic worship in this mysterious temple of Cadillacs and Novas alike. We were becoming used to supernatural events.

Morning turned to afternoon and we could tell that Rushmore was nearing by the increase in lizard petting zoos and Flintstones RV parks. Since it was on the way and would be a good warmup, we decided to first see the Crazy Horse monument. An ancient and stoic Indian caricature stopped us at the entrance and the exchange went something like this:

Dox: "I want to see the monument, what do I have to do?"

Indian: "Pay me nine dollars."

Dox: "No thanks."

And that was that. Forget the warmup, we were making a beeline for the really big heads.

Strategically placed trees and surrounding hills obscure the view of Mt. Rushmore until you get right out on the observation deck. As we walked up the path lined with the flags of the fifty states and the U.S. possessions (a probable tribute to Rushmore's improbable interloper, Teddy Roosevelt), I think we all secretly harbored the fear that after all these hardships and supernatural experiences, Rushmore would turn out to be just what the cashier at the Roadrunner in Cheyenne had said it would be the night before—"boring" (and he had been there lots of times).

We stepped out on the empty patio and all doubts disintegrated. We gasped, we stared transfixed, we jumped around and yelled things like "Those are the biggest heads I've ever seen!" Contrary to Linn's pessimistic prophecy, the heads were much bigger than we thought, I

mean these were *really big heads*, bigger than life, certainly bigger than our puny lives.

We stayed on the deck for a good twenty minutes, oblivious to the frigid air and critiqued the heads one by one. Washington had a comical dome head which rebutted his sober expression. Jefferson had unfortunately drawn the bad stone and was scarred by lines that ran through his face, making him look like he had a runny nose. Roosevelt had these ingenious little stone glasses on and Lincoln had very bad hair which I swear looked like lava.

We loved them. We revered them. We couldn't get enough of them. We entered the visitor's center just in time for the videotape hosted by Tom Brokaw and fought to sit in front of the German translation screen. We took another long look before heading down the path to the gift shop and cafeteria where we spent an hour hypnotized by the Rushmore postcards, caps, t-shirts, buttons, ashtrays, keychains, pens, towels, posters, rings, paperweights, lamps, spoons, pennants, mugs, cutting boards, pocket knives, necklaces, and shot glasses.

I guess I should have been offended by this cheesy marketing of our founding fathers but I found my chest swelling with pride in a nation that not only allows a man to realize his dream of carving really big heads on a mountain 500 miles from nowhere, but has federal employees selling shot glasses of said dream. My parents' tired speech about this generation's lack of patriotism rang in my ears. I imagined myself a European tourist trying to understand these Americans who had once been residents of the Continent, and no answers came. I asked myself "why?" as an American, and still no answers came. I only knew that I loved these heads and all they represented.

Experience had taught us to always leave a cool place before you get your fill, leaving just enough longing to embellish the memory forever. A small cluster of motels, restaurants and stores greeted us up the road. Smitty said, "I don't think we're actually in Rapid City proper

please see Big Heads on page 12



Big Heads from Page 11

yet." We were in the middle of downtown. After checking in at the Best Western we raced to Shakey's for the all-you-care-to-eat lunch buffet where we all ate more than we really cared to.

We could relax now with the satisfaction of reaching our goal and enjoy our time away from the strange dynamics of Provo. With Smitty and Dox graduating in April and me and AJ not far behind, this really could be our last chance alone, together. Our three years of roommateship had never been marred by a significant conflict, yet lately there had been some irritating tension. Perhaps we were all privately preparing for our separate and uncertain futures, grappling with the fact that four relatively responsible and together guys had no idea where they would be in six months, let alone what they would be doing.

The road had synced us up again and we shared the one mind which had gotten us through college as brothers. We napped and watched the Movie Channel, bowled and ate breakfast in the middle of the night, slept late and even listened to a Carpenters tape. All was done easily and unanimously.

Of course there were last minute changes to the return itinerary. Supernatural events too numerous to mention convinced us to take the long way home past Devil's Tower, the world headquarters of nature's bizarre energies. We climbed through hip deep snow in tennis shoes, Dox without a coat, to the point where this insane green altar turns vertical and played a quick hand of Hearts. We knew it was time to go when the moisture inside the Best Western shower cap that Jimmy the Freshman was wearing began to freeze.

By the time we hit the Pizza Hut in Thermopolis, Wyoming, for nourishment and more card playing, we were convinced that we had found a better way—a simpler life based on interdependence, cooperation and the next fillup—but duty carried us back. We reentered our Provo lives with no visible signs of the enlightenment that Rushmore had graced us with, and an odd inability to explain what had happened. When people, acquaintances, friends for lack of a better term, still exclaim, "I can't believe you went to Mt. Rushmore for a weekend," I sigh and say to myself, "I can't believe you didn't."

Scott, Smitty, AJ, and the Doxer live in Provo as volunteers, in a Colony.



SPIN-O-RAMA



by Jeff Hadfield
NEWS:

CD rereleases:

According to the record labels, these should be out as you read this: **B52's:** *Whammy and Wild Planet*, **The Cure:** *The Top & Japanese Whispers/The Singles*, **Katrina and the Waves:** *Get The Knack*, **The Motels:** *All for One and Shock*, **Joy Division's** *Closer* and *Unknown Pleasures*, and **Artists United Against Apartheid:** *Sun City* (includes the original version of U2's "Silver and Gold").

Due sometime this month are **Siouxie and the Banshees'** *Tin-dybox & Hyena*, and then March 31 should bring **Blondie:** *The Hunter* and **4 Babys** (John Waite's first band) albums: *The Babys*, *Broken Heart*, *Union Jacks*, and *On The Edge*. On April 4, Sire will release the last Talking Heads catalog disc, *The Name Of This Band is Talking Heads*.

New Releases:

Out now are new albums from **Elvis Costello**, the **Replacements**, **Simply Red:** *A New Flame*, **Guadalcanal Diary:** *Flip Flop*, and **Boy George:** *High Hat*. Out this week should be **Julian Lennon:** *Mr. Jordan*, **Depeche Mode:** *101* (a double-disc live set recorded live at the Rose Bowl), **Andy Summers'** *Golden Wire*, and **Madonna's** *Like A Prayer*.

March 21 should bring: **Sigue Sigue Sputnik:** *Dressed for Excess*, **New Model Army:** *Thunder and Consolation*, **Howard Jones'** *Cross That Line*, **Roxette's** *Looksharp!*,

Triumph's *Classics*, the **Swimming Pool Qs'** *World War Two Point Five*, and **Lynyrd Skynyrd:** *Skynyrd's Inneryds—Their Greatest Hits* (this is hits and outtakes, including a longer "Free Bird" and 3 CD bonus tracks).

The week of March 28 should see the releases of: **Tom Tom Club's** *Boom Boom Chi Boom* (with re-recorded, updated versions of 4 or 5 tracks on the current import release), **Jody Watley:** *Larger Than Life*, the **Outfield's** *Voice Of Babylon*, and a new 3" CD single from U2 featuring two versions of "When Love Comes To Town," an extended "God Part II" and a new track, "Dancing Barefoot." New age releases on that day include new discs from **Ray Lynch** and **Andreas Vollenweider**.

April 4 should see **Black:** *Comedy*, **Stray Cats'** *Blast Off*, the domestic **Erasure:** *Crackers International*, **Peter Schilling:** *The Different Story*, and the **Cult's** *Sonic Temple*.

April 11 will bring **Blondie:** *Once More Into The Bleach*, and **Joe Jackson's** *Blaze of Glory*. Then on April 25 we'll see **Peter Gabriel's** *The Last Temptation of Christ* soundtrack, the **B52's** *Cosmic Thing* (produced by Don Was (from Was (not Was)) and Nile Rodgers), **Wang Chung's** *The Warmer Side Of Cool*, the **Godfathers'** *More Songs To Love and Hate*, and **Devo's** *Now It Can Be Told* (a greatest hits collection recorded live last December (2 lp/1CD)).

SPINS:

Fine Young Cannibals: *The Raw and the Cooked* (IRS): ★★★. FYC's sophomore effort is better than their

first. The first had its moments, but you sensed that half of the music was there to fill the disc. On this album there's no sense of filler. There are 6 new tracks, 3 tracks from the *Tin Men* soundtrack, and one from the *Something Wild* soundtrack.

This digitally recorded album is somewhat inconsistent in style. This inconsistency is its strength: it avoids the monotony of the first album. Roland Gift's voice is as unique as ever, and the English Beat alumni David Steele and Andy Cox deliver their usual precise instrumentation. Don't miss the summery "Good Thing," the classic "Ever Fallen In Love," and the infectious "It's OK (It's Alright)."

As pop albums go, this is a solid effort by a talented band. Fine Young Cannibals aren't trendsetters nor fashion followers—they just serve their own brand of tasty pop.

YTC: *Oranges and Lemons* (Geffen): ★★★. YTC fans: buy this. Those unfamiliar with YTC will enjoy it, too, as YTC wax optimistic and display a sixties perkiness (as the cover hints). This is the tenth album by YTC, if you count their recording as the **Dukes of Stratosphere**. With *Oranges and Lemons* YTC reach for mass acceptance while remaining adventurous and individual. This may be their most commercial disc, but it's no sellout.

YTC have always placed emphasis on melody, and it's here in abundance. Always quirky, the busy arrangements disguise the hooks and clever twists of phrase. This album draws on the sixties, YTC's

earlier works, and their own talent to produce their best album to date.

On first listening the album is a bit clamorous, but during repeated listenings the melodies shine. I still like "Mayor of Simpleton" and "King For A Day" the best, but the album continues to grow on me—it's YTC in peak form.

Yello: *Flag* (Mercury): ★★★. I like Yello. I wish more music had their wit, their personality, their sophistication. However, most music isn't made by a rich playboy and a tinkering musical recluse. Their unique use of electronics takes full advantage of the digital domain: when you buy this, buy it on compact disc.

Yello makes dance music from heaven, involving percolating percussion, icily distinctive vocals, catchy melodies, international influences, all mixed and served with a European twist.

This is Yello's sixth and best album (not counting the import-only *80-85 New Mix In One Go*). Each album is internally more consistent and listenable than the last. From the dancefloor "Tied Up" and "The Race" to the atmospheric "Of Course I'm Lying" and "3rd of June," Yello deliver a sound that is always fresh and individual. Buy it to alleviate musical boredom, for a breath of fresh air, and instead of what you always hear on the radio.

A&L THANKS

Lee Mortensen & each of our contributors to last week's acclaimed and controversial (depending on who you talk to) literary issue. Keep sending us poetry & short-short pieces of fiction, & we'll run more.

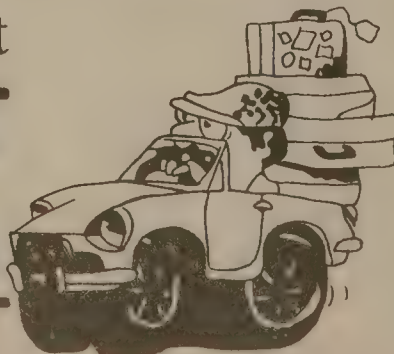
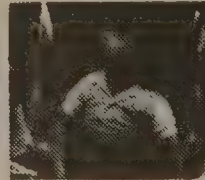
Has Winter Gotten Your Car Down?

Perk It Up At

**IMPORT
AUTO
CENTER**

374-8881

800S. University

Quality color prints
in just one hour.

- Reprints
- Frames and Albums
- Enlargements
- Copies and Binding

**1/2 Price
Photofinishing**

\$425

24 exposures

Bring this coupon and your rolls of 135 or 110 color print film for 1/2 price developing and printing.

kinko's
1 hour photo

**9-6 M-F, 10-7 Sat.
377-1791**

19 N. University Ave.

Not valid with any other offer. Expires Mar 30
Limit five rolls per customer, one coupon per visit.

REVIEW'S REVIEWS

BILL AND TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE

★★★

Every once in a while you just have to drop your dignity and make a confession. Admissions like "I used to watch *One Day at a Time* faithfully" or "I sometimes put on polyester for no good reason" are good for the soul despite their degree of unhipness. Well, I liked *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*. It reminded me of an ABC *Afterschool Special* and I miss those (along with *Schoolhouse Rock*).

The plot is right out of Weekly Reader, Bill and Ted are rad high school dudes with a fledgling band and an F in history if they don't ace their final presentation. They have one night to put things together and just when things look bleakest, George Carlin shows up in a phone booth. He's from the future where the earth is a peaceful and harmonious planet thanks to the music that Bill and Ted will make, if they pass history. Carlin gives them their own phone booth with the power to travel to any time in history and they take a whirlwind tour, kidnapping historical figures for their oral report.

The real fun in this flick is the interaction between the historical figures: Napoleon, Joan of Arc, Billy the Kid, Socrates, Genghis Kahn, Beethoven, Abraham Lincoln, and Sigmund Freud. Bill and Ted take them to the mall where Joan leads an aerobics class, Genghis beats up mannequins with an aluminum baseball bat, Beethoven cranks on multiple keyboards at the Wurlitzer store, and Billy the Kid and Socrates pick up

chicks (until Freud shows up and gets called a "geek"). There are many more antics but they all show up at the last minute and blow the school away with their oral report.

Director Stephen Herek makes no attempt at real believability or John Hughesian commentary on adolescence here. The acting is passable (those who saw *Dangerous Liaisons* or *River's Edge* will get a kick out of seeing Keanu Reeves as Ted), the special effects are good, the soundtrack is fun, and the whole movie is tame, tongue-in-cheek, total teenage entertainment. So don't feel bad if you've ever watched *North Shore* on HBO 6 times in one summer or a Michael Jackson video "just to see what it's like." All Dostoyevsky and no Benny Hill make Jack a dull boy.

Scott Siebers

CHANCES ARE ★★★

Cybill Shepherd stars as a young newlywed in Washington D.C. in the mid-1960s. She has brains, beauty and a successful, young lawyer for a husband. She also has an undeveloped fondness for a reporter who's her husband's best friend (Ryan O'Neal). Shepherd's husband dies only three years after their wedding and one would think O'Neal could step in and take his place. But Shepherd just can't get over the love for her husband

... until ...

Try to mix *Heaven Can Wait* with Shirley MacLaine's version of life after death. You see, Shepherd's dead husband is anxious to return to mortal life, but in this case the only way to get a new body is to be born again as a baby. In his hurry to go back to earth he misses his "vaccina-

tion" that would have erased the memory of his former life.

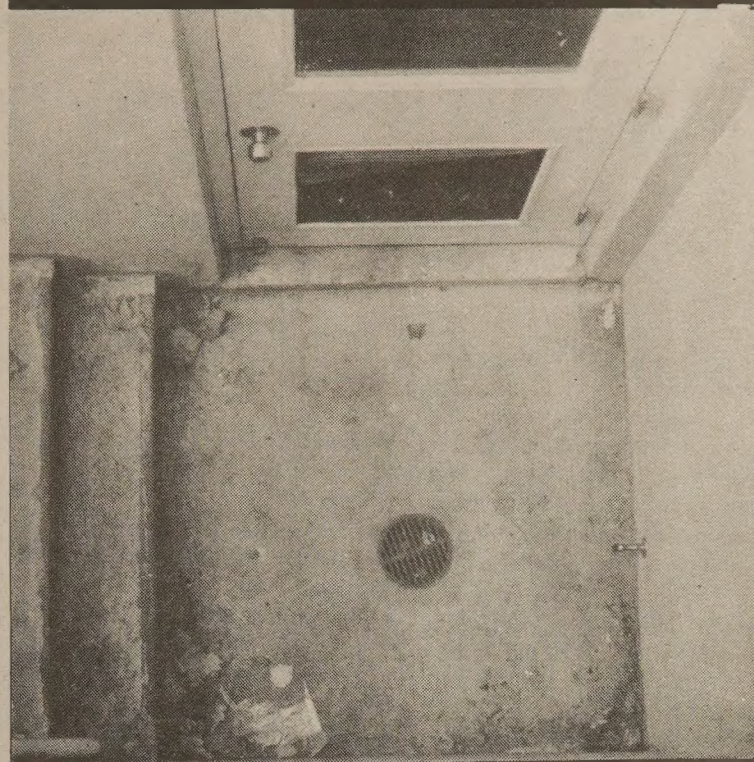
We pick up again about twenty-two years later. The husband has grown up into Robert Downey Jr. (not to be confused with Morton Downey Jr.). He's just graduated from Yale and gone to Washington looking for a job as a reporter. O'Neal meets him and immediately takes him under his wing. Things get a little kooky, however, when O'Neal takes Downey to a dinner at Shepherd's place and, you guessed it, his memory comes back.

Downey safely steals the show from here, plagued by his love for Shepherd and his fear that she won't believe the truth about him. After all, she's still very much in love with her dead husband, so much that she hasn't allowed any romance with O'Neal even though he's spent twenty-two years hanging out with her. The situation is rich with comic potential but it seems only Downey is taking advantage of it. Meanwhile, Mary Stuart Masterson (*Some Kind of Wonderful*) shows up in the film's most minor main role. Still, she's looking better than ever in her more-than-cute little girl-ish way (I'll gladly pay five bucks to watch that, even if she is just furniture).

Overall, this film is a conscious crowd-pleaser and it should be seen in a full theater for more laughs. But I suspect it'll be forgotten as soon as those crowds disappear. For a March film I'd usually give it three stars, except for the automatic half-star penalty for ending the film on a silly freeze-frame.

Greg W. Anderson

AROUND CAMPUS AROUND



Photograph by Dave Elkington (Waterford School)

THE GREAT SALT LAKE

GUITAR CO.



Pick from top brands such as:

MARTIN, TAYLOR, YAMAHA, & STIKA custom guitars

Discount Prices

Also available; Lessons, Strings, & Accessories

Custom building fine acoustic instruments since 1979

362 W. Center St., Provo 375-4435

PERSONALS

- M—Thanks for finally borrowing one of my world-traveling suitcases. Yours, D
- Smitsu San — Keep up the good work! You are going to be the most rad, "yosh" dude to hit Nihon! A I Masite, G.Q.
- The Kingdom — Monday, Wednesday, Friday 1:00-2:00 IS Paradise Lost. Il Pensero.
- Jeff — DU 4 2? — wonderingly, your V.Q.
- Timmy — Don't bother!!! Just SMLO! Love always? no! Carrie
- Jane — I know you're done with me. I treat you like a ragdoll—you don't owe me nothing. But, why d' you hide the television set? I came by to see you, I'll try again tomorrow. Love, Sergio. P.S. I've seen your wig around.
- Russell — Quit brownnosing G. Bennion. Please. J.A.U.
- B.J.F. We are all jealous of your ski tan. Quit being so modest. We'll come visit you at the Wrinkled Prune Institute for Skin Cancer when you are 35. SR Staff.
- "D.G. (the Princess): I'm just a boy from Idaho and you are as a porcelain doll; refined, classy, and you command respect and Reverence. Wow! But if you kiss me enough I just might turn into that Prince Charming that you are holding out for! BJS (the Frog)"
- Melissa D. to Jeff C. on the way to Las Vegas: "Turn the car around, I want to go back home and play Stratego."
- To Phil P. — The Mona Lisa sold for \$350,000. How much for the Last Supper, huh?
- Three cheers for lavender silk nighties.—Sven
- Sister Golden Hair: "I've been mourned for by the hardened and I've been too, too hard to find, but that doesn't mean you ain't been on my mind."—Best, C.

STUDENT REVIEW ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY. MEET AT INTERNATIONAL CINEMA AT 8:00 PM FRIDAY THE 17TH TO SEE THE DEAD. IRISH FESTIVITIES AFTERWARDS AT ENCLAVE 211. CALL DIANE OR CONNIE FOR INFORMATION.

Alternative Music

Opens March 1, 1989

Hours:

Monday—Thursday

11:00—9:00

Friday

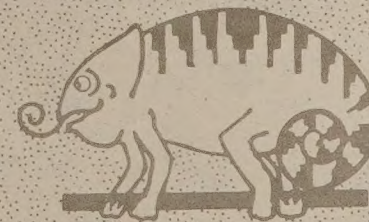
11:00—12:00

Saturday

10:00—12:00

125 W. Center, Provo

Bring in this ad and get a \$1 off anything but used



REPTILE RECORDS

BUY-SELL-TRADE

St. Patrick's Day With the Marvellous Moore Sisters

IRISH STEW

1 1/2 pounds lamb, mutton, or beef, cubed
3/4 cup onion, sliced
2 1/2 pounds potatoes, sliced
Layer in heavy pan potatoes, meat, and onion. Repeat twice. Season each layer with salt and pepper. Add to the pot:
1 bay leaf
2 cups boiling beef stock
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
1/2 cup red wine

Bring to a boil; cover and simmer gently about 2 1/2 hrs. or until meat is tender. Stir occasionally.

CORNERD BEEF & CABBAGE

Rinse 1 pound cornerd beef; cover with water and simmer about 1 hour. Cut cabbage in wedges and add to the beef stock for the last 15 minutes of

cooking. Serve hot with horseradish sauce (or without).

IRISH SODA BREAD

Preheat oven to 375°.
Sift:
2 cups flour
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
Cut into the flour mixture 1/4 cup chilled shortening. Mix together:
1 egg
2/3 cup buttermilk.

Stir into flour mixture. Place in greased 8" round pan. Pat down and cut a bold cross over top and sides. Brush top with milk and bake 35-40 minutes. Serve hot with jam and butter.

CREME DE MENTHE PIE

Crust:
30 Oreos, crushed (by putting a few

at a time into a blender)
2 tablespoons melted butter stirred into the Oreo crumbs. Press into 9" pie pan and chill.

Filling:
1/2 gallon vanilla ice cream
1/4 cup creme de menthe
1/4 cup creme de cocoa

Being green-eyed and Irish, the Moore sisters feel that St. Patrick's Day is an undercelebrated holiday. Their family motto, "Any excuse for a party," is probably the best explanation for such zealous observance of Green Day. In their established tradition of helping the rest of us observe holidays with epicurian gusto, these are their suggestions for St. Patrick's Day. They usually eat this meal while watching Darby O'Gill and the Little People. They listen to Irish music, and carry on with their characteristic sense of restraint. They hope you enjoy these recipes.

Calendar Info:

Editor's Choice:

BYU's Concert Choir, Fri. 17, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Sexual Assault Seminars, March 15-18, see times, facing page
"Man of La Mancha," Backstage Dinner Theatre, March 17, 18, 24, 25, 6:00 p.m.
"The Dead," International Cinema, March 15-18
Utah Symphony at de Jong Concert Hall, Thurs. 16, 7:30 p.m.
Benefit Concert for Utah County

Films

Scera Theater:

745 S. State Orem 225-2560
March 15-17:
"Accidental Tourist," 7:00 & 9:20
March 18-25:
"The Rescuers," call for showtimes
Tickets: \$4.00, Tuesdays \$2.50
Blue Mouse Theater:
260 E. 100 S. 364-3471
March 15-21:
"I Hate Actors," 5:15, 7:00 & 8:45 p.m.
March 22-28
"I Hate Actors," 5:15&9:15 p.m.

Theatre Guide

Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC, plays Mon.-Sat., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00-\$16.50, 581-6961
Hale Center Theatre, 2801 South Main, SLC, plays Mon., Thurs.-Sat., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: Mon. \$4.00, Thurs. \$5.00, Fri. & Sat. \$6.00, 484-9257
Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00-\$10.00, 532-6000
Valley Center Playhouse, Lindon, 780 N. 200 E., Fri., Sat. & Mon., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 785-2217
Symphony Hall, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, all concerts 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-\$27.00, Student \$4.00, 533-6407
Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 S., SLC, Tickets: 533-6494
Backstage Dinner Theatre, 65 N. University Ave., Dinner 6:00 p.m., Theatre 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$15.00, 377-6905
The Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00, 649-9371

EVENING AT THE SYMPHONY

Tenor soloist Gary Bachlund will perform with the Utah Symphony March 16 at BYU's deJong Concert Hall. Bachlund has appeared with many of the world's finest opera companies since his 1986 New York debut, including the Metropolitan Opera, the Frankfurt Opera, and the Los Angeles Music Center Opera, among others.

The program features works by Richard Wagner and Benjamin Britten. Bachlund is featured in Britten's "Passacaglia" from *Peter Grimes*, and Britten's *Les Illuminations*, a song cycle based on poetry by Arthur Rimbaud, the decadent French poet, and a piece from Wagner's *Die Walkure*.

Tickets for this excellent night at the symphony are available through the HFAC Music Ticket Office at 378-7444.

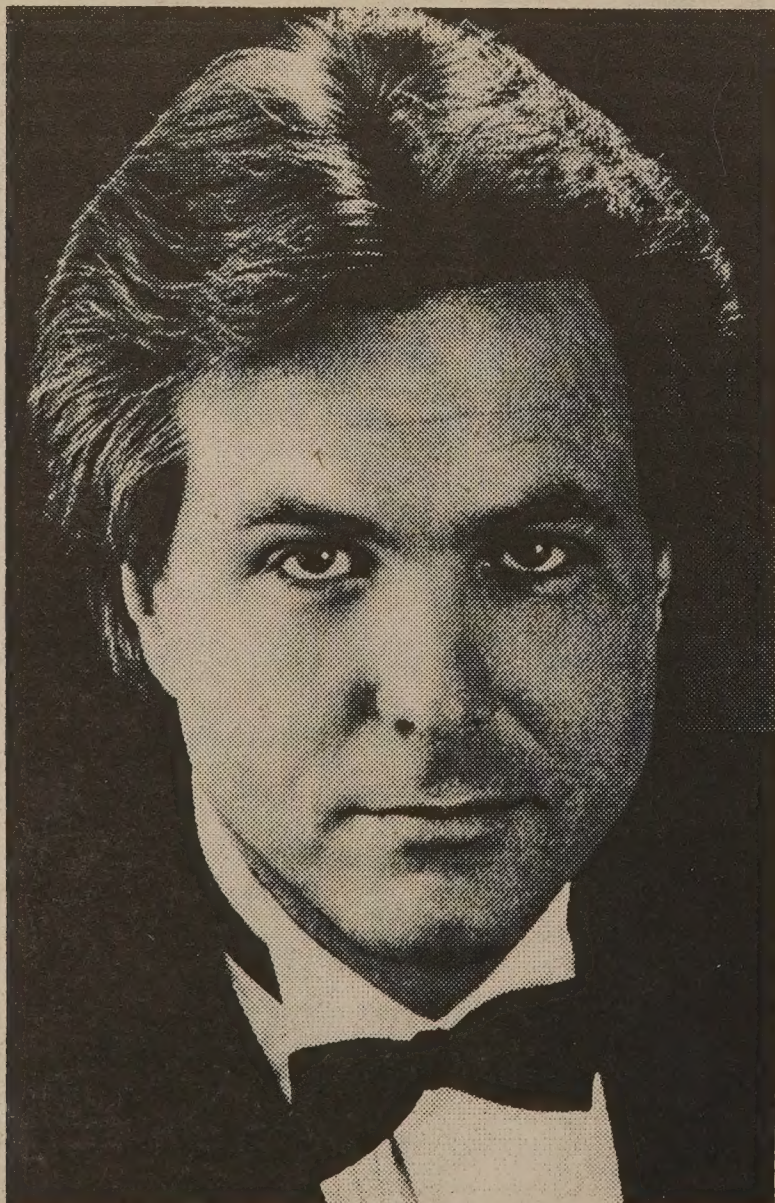
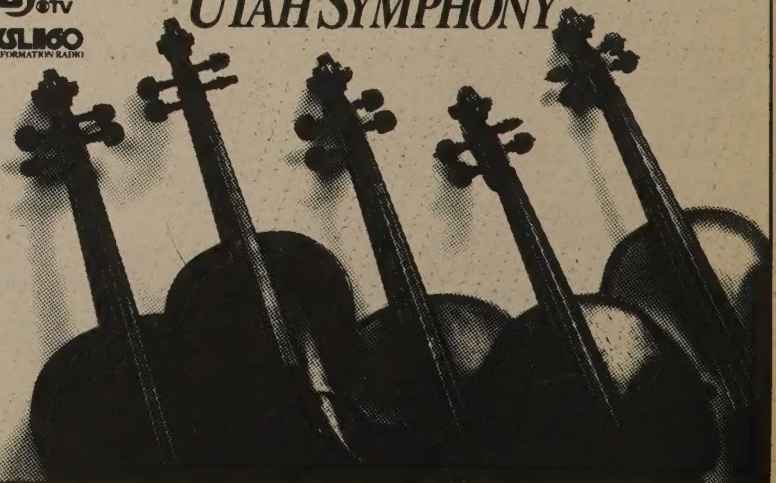
Enjoy an incredible evening with 263 strings attached

Escape life's dull routines and experience the power and poetry of live classical music. Come to the deJong Concert Hall Thursday, March 16, and enjoy a thrilling evening with the Utah Symphony, performing live the greatest hits in history.

March 16, Joseph Silverstein, conducting. Gary Bachlund, tenor. WAGNER Overture to *Rienzi*. BRITTEN Peter Grimes: *Passacaglia*; BRITTEN *Les Illuminations*. WAGNER "Winterstürme" from *Die Walküre*; WAGNER *Siegfried Idyll*; WAGNER *Götterdämmerung*; *Siegfried's Rhine Journey*. Brigham Young University, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m. General public \$8. Students, faculty, and senior citizens \$6. Box office: 378-7444.

KSL
TV
KSL 60
INFORMATION RADIO

UTAH SYMPHONY



GARY BACHLUND
TENOR

the CALENDAR



Wednesday, March 15

Lecture:

Honors Module: Michelle Stott on "Mahler's *Kinder-totenlieder* and the Poetic Passage into Life in Turn-of-the-Century Vienna," 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
Sexual Assault Seminar, 4:00 p.m., Cougar Eats Mezzanine

Theatre:

"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

International Cinema:
Lecture on "The Dead," 3:15 p.m.
"The Dead," 3:45 p.m.
"The Dubliners," 5:25
"Danton," 6:40 p.m.

Music:

Jazz Ensemble & Dixieland Band, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Free!
Temple Square Concert Series, Roger Drinkall, cello, with Dian Baker, piano, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall
Organ Recital Series, Richard Elliott, 12:00 noon, JSB Auditorium, Free!

Thursday, March 16

Lecture:

Honors Module: Chad Flake on "Aldus Manutius, *The Life of a Scholar-Printer*," 4040 HBLL (Special Collections Room), 6:00 p.m.
Sexual Assault Seminar, 11:00 a.m., Cougar Eats Mezzanine

Theatre:

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00
"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.
"Stepping Out," Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447
"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
"On the Twentieth Century," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

Film:

International Cinema:
Lecture on "Danton," 3:15 p.m.
"Danton," 3:45 p.m.
"The Dead," 6:15 p.m.
"The Dubliners," 7:55 p.m.

Music:

Utah Symphony with tenor Gary Bachlund, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$6.00 w/l.D., 378-7444
Student Recitals: Kevin Olson, Piano, 7:30 p.m., Jill Plumb, Cello, 9:00 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, Free!

Dance:

Dancensemble Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets available at the door, or 378-5086

Friday, March 17

Lecture:

Sexual Assault Seminar, Cougar Eats Mezzanine, Noon

Theatre:

"Man of La Mancha," Backstage Dinner Theatre, 6:00
"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.
"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00
"Stepping Out," Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447
"On the Twentieth Century," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.
"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
"Petticoats and Pettifoggers," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

International Cinema:
"The Dead," 3:15 & 8:40 p.m.
"The Dubliners," 4:55 p.m.
"Danton," 6:10 p.m.
Film Society, 214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.
"Two Weeks"
7:00 & 9:30 p.m., \$1.00 w/l.D.

Music:

Concert Choir, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/l.D., 378-7444
Faculty Artists in Concert, Brahms, Dahl, Ravel, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!
Benefit Concert for Utah County Child Abuse Council, UVCC Activity Center, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: \$5.00, available at GrayWhale CD Exchange, Scandinavian Square
Utah Symphony, Britten & Wagner, 8:00 p.m.
Temple Square Concert Series, Salt Lake Symphony, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall
Student Piano Recital, Jill Gould, 6:00 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall

Dance:

Dancensemble Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets available at the door, or 378-5086

Culture (Irish, of course):

Happy St. Patrick's Day!!!

Deck yourselves out in green and flaunt your Irish blood! Favorite Festivities: feast on corn beef & cabbage and Irish stew (see recipes page 14) sing "O Danny Boy" and tell stories about 'the homeland' (doesn't matter if you've never been there), read—or see at Int'l Cinema—some James Joyce, or simply rent "Darby O'Gill and the Little People!"

Student Review Party:

Meet at International Cinema at 8:00 p.m. to see "The Dead." Irish Festivities afterward at Enclave 211. Info: 375-1630

Saturday, March 18

Theatre:

"Man of La Mancha," Backstage Dinner Theatre, 6:00
"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00
"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.
"On the Twentieth Century," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Stepping Out," Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

"Petticoats and Pettifoggers," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

International Cinema:
"Danton," 3:00 & 8:25 p.m.
"The Dead," 5:30 p.m.
"The Dubliners," 7:10 p.m.
Film Society, 214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.
"Two Weeks"
7:00 & 9:30 p.m., \$1.00 w/l.D.

Music:

Utah Symphony, Britten & Wagner, 8:00 p.m.
Temple Square Concert Series, Salt Lake Symphony, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall

Sunday, March 19

Music:

Temple Square Concert Series, Palm Sunday Concert: Viewmont High School Choirs, Assembly Hall, Temple Square, 7:30 p.m.

Birthday:

Happy 19th Birthday Jason Gardner!

Monday, March 20

Theatre:

"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.
"On the Twentieth Century," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.
"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Organ Recital Series, JSB Auditorium, 12:00 noon, Free!

Tuesday, March 21

Lecture:

Honors Module: Terry M. Butler on "Mann's *Death in Venice* and Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy*," 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
Nature Photography Lecture Series, "Composition & Appeal," 7:30 p.m., M.L. Bean Museum Auditorium, Free!

Theatre:

"Stepping Out," Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447
"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Faculty Piano Recital, Douglas Humphreys performing Beethoven, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, & Prokofiev, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

Wednesday, March 22

Lecture:

Honors Module: Michelle Stott on "Mahler's *Kinder-totenlieder* and the Poetic Passage into Life in Turn-of-the-Century Vienna," 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
International Executive Lecture Series, "Towards a Single Europe," Elder Jacob de Jager, 4:00 p.m., 710 TNRB

Theatre:

"Stepping Out," Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447
"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Synthesis, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/l.D., 378-7444
Organ Recital Series, JSB Auditorium, 12:00 noon, Free!

Thursday, March 23

Lecture:

Honors Module: Chad Flake on "Aldus Manutius, *The Life of a Scholar-Printer*," 4040 HBLL (Special Collections Room), 6:00 p.m.

Theatre:

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00
"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.
"On the Twentieth Century," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.
"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
"Stepping Out," Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447

Music:

New World String Quartet, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$5.00 w/l.D., 378-7444
BYU Singers, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/l.D., 378-7444
Temple Square Concert Series, American West Symphony, 8:00 p.m., Assembly Hall

Dance:

Cougarettes Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: available at the door or at 378-5086

Friday, March 24

Theatre:

"Man of La Mancha," Backstage Dinner Theatre, 6:00
"On the Twentieth Century," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.
"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00
"Stepping Out," Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447
"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.
"Family Portrait," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Utah Symphony, Mahler's Symphony No. 2, 8:00 p.m.
Chamber Orchestra, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/l.D., 378-7444
Temple Square Concert Series, Ogden Community Choir, performing Mozart's *Requiem*, Assembly Hall, Temple Square, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

Film Society, 214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.
"A Place in the Sun,"
7:00 & 9:30 p.m., \$1.00 w/l.D.

Dance:

The Ballroom Dancers present an "All-American Entertainment Show," 7:30 p.m., Marriott Center, Tickets: \$5.00 w/l.D., Marriott Center, 378-BYU1
Cougarettes Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: available at the door or call 378-5086

Saturday, March 25

Theatre:

"Man of La Mancha," Backstage Dinner Theatre, 6:00
"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
"On the Twentieth Century," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.
"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00
"Stepping Out," Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447
"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.
"Family Portrait," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Utah Symphony, Mahler's Symphony No. 2, 8:00 p.m.
American Piano Quartet, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/l.D., 378-7444
Carol Ann Allred, guest vocalist, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444
Temple Square Concert Series, The Herenhausner Choir from Hannover, Germany, Assembly Hall, Temple Square, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

Film Society, 214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.
"A Place in the Sun,"
7:00 & 9:30 p.m., \$1.00 w/l.D.

Dance:

The Ballroom Dancers present an "All-American Entertainment Show," 7:30 p.m., Marriott Center, Tickets: \$5.00 w/l.D., Marriott Center, 378-BYU1

Sunday, March 26

Fireside:

Elder Neal A. Maxwell, Marriott Center, 7:30 p.m.

Monday, March 27

Theatre:

"Stepping Out," Nelke Experimental Theatre, HFAC, 4:00 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/l.D., 378-7447
"Inherit the Wind," Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
"On the Twentieth Century," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.
"The Hasty Heart," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.
"Family Portrait," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Organ Recital Series, JSB Auditorium, 12:00 noon, Free!

Note to the confused:

Theatre locations and times, films, and editor's choices are on page 14.
We will probably be doing this regularly.

Leningrad continued from page 3

traders of goods, they are also big time currency speculators.

The government in Moscow sets the official rate of exchange between the ruble and all other foreign currencies. This level, currently at 1.6 dollars per ruble, is completely artificial and in no way reflects the true value of the ruble or the strength of the Soviet economy. A more accurate gauge is the "exchange rate" offered by the fartsovshiki. In September the rate was 4 rubles for 1 dollar, but by December the "market" was reflecting the scarcity of tourists and the dollars they bring, so the rate was 6 to 1 in Leningrad. I heard in Moscow it was 10 rubles to the dollar.

Speaking of shortages, when we arrived at the dorms we immediately noticed a lack of toilet paper. Russia is famous for shortages of basic items like toilet paper, toothpaste, deodorant and so on. It doesn't really strike you, however, until you see normally emotionless Russians panting with excitement as they run to tell their loved ones that toilet paper is being sold around the corner.

To combat these and other shortages, visitors and natives alike must take action. Of the many ways to stockpile toilet paper, three of

them include 1) establishing "contacts" (a very important word in Russian) with high Communist Party officials; 2) raiding the bathrooms at the Intourist Hotels (if you, as a visitor, choose this option, don't get caught. Russians have a poor sense of humor about things like this); and 3) taking enough with you to last your whole trip. Being generally cautious by nature, I chose option 3, though it was not without its drawbacks. Eight rolls of Scott Tissue—1000 sheets per roll—take up a lot of room in your luggage.

Lest you think the Soviet Union is all woe and misery, let me hasten to add that free education, free child-care for working mothers, and one of the world's best public transportation systems are great plusses for Russia.

Actually, if you can keep the right attitude, coping with these little challenges can be a lot of fun, as was finding creative substitutes for our traditional Thanksgiving dishes. It was nice to be able to concentrate less on the trappings of the meal and more on the meaning behind the holiday as we ate our salami.

After four months in the Soviet Union I was not only grateful to get home, I even looked forward to life in America. We Americans take lots of things for granted: important

things like the freedom to worship without the fear of organized government persecution, and minor ones like polite service from salespeople and a steady supply of hot water in the winter (actually, we had plenty of really hot water all the time. The problem came when they decided to shut the cold water off in the middle of one of my showers—the shut-off lasted for two weeks!).

Spending time in the USSR also helped me to understand what makes Russians "tick," and that kind of knowledge can never hurt in an era of glasnost. I can't say I now trust Russian foreign policy, but I think I have gained more compassion for the suffering of the Soviet people, past and present. I've also discarded the common American stereotypes of Soviet citizens.

My hope is that if both Americans and Soviets can shed their traditional stubbornness and be more objective in their appraisals of each other, they might be able to genuinely learn from each others' successes and mistakes. That wouldn't be so bad, would it?

Dan is actually an honest guy who enjoys discussing Nietzsche and hanging around pool halls.



BAZAAR

For people who wear clothes

WHAT IS REAL?
—March 31st. is Real—
We're Really Closing
-Come Check Out the Real Deals-

837 n. 800 east provo above kinko's 375-4752 mon-sat 12:00-8:00

Latvia, USSR

The Popular Front has emerged as a mass organization for independence in the Soviet republic of Latvia. In less than a year, three large movements have surfaced in the Baltic states violently demanding sovereignty in all areas except defense and foreign policy. The movements have resulted in leadership changes and in a march against Mikhail Gorbachev's reforms.

Coagh, NORTHERN IRELAND

Children on a school bus witnessed the murder of three men at a gas station in Coagh. The outlawed Irish Republican Army claimed the service station was a stronghold for the Ulster Volunteer Force and took responsibility for action by the masked gunmen.

Guatemala City, GUATEMALA

The growth of US-backed evangelical groups are having a dramatic effect in war-ravaged Guatemala. The evangelicals, mostly Pentecostal, tend to shun social organization, thus making it easier for the government to control the leftist guerrillas. The Guatemalan Army has persecuted the Roman Catholic Church, labeling it communist and weakening its longstanding power.

Caracas, VENEZUELA

Mass rioting erupted in Venezuela because of the government's austerity programs. The government raised prices in an attempt to stabilize the economy and decrease inflation. Foreign governments are sending emergency aid. Because Venezuela, one of the more stable Latin American countries, has announced that it may not be able to make foreign debt payments, foreign governments and commercial banks are concerned that other Latin debtor countries may not be able to make payments either.



Cairo, EGYPT

Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze expressed his country's renewed interest in the Middle East during a five-nation tour of the region. Shevardnadze met Israeli Foreign Minister Arens in Cairo in an effort to renew cultural ties, and then met with PLO leader Yassar Arafat. The Soviet Union has shown a coolness towards its more radical Middle East allies, while hoping to decrease tensions with Jordan, Egypt and Saudi Arabia.

New Delhi, INDIA

Rajiv Gandhi's chance for re-election was boosted by the release of alleged Sikh militants held since mid-1984. Gandhi is trying to woo the militant Sikhs, yet at the same time show his strength to India's Hindu majority. Upcoming elections will be close between Gandhi's Congress Party and a newly formed seven-party alliance. Also in India, the government has slashed defense spending by \$133 million and will divert funds to aid the hungry, the illiterate, and the homeless.

Moscow, USSR

Evidence of the effectiveness of Gorbachev's relatively new policies is reflected in the increasing number of Jewish Soviet citizens who have been allowed to emigrate. In 1986 the average was 79 citizens per month, 668 in 1987, 1673 in 1988, and this February, 2,226 Jewish citizens have been allowed to come to the West.

Lhasa, TIBET

Martial law has been declared as a result of bloody rioting by Tibetans wanting freedom from China. Mobs ransacked Chinese stores and stoned government buildings. The rioting occurred on the anniversary of a massive uprising for independence thirty years ago. Since overthrowing Tibetan feudalism, China has been ineffective in quelling Tibetan nationalism. Though culturally different from China, Tibet is strategically important to the Chinese government.

Colombo, SRI LANKA

After five years of war Sri Lanka elected a parliament, the first in 11 years. The parliament, bringing with it a new hope, represents both the traditional parties of the Sinhalese majority, former Tamil guerillas, and the Moslem minority. The newly elected president intends to reform social and economic conditions in this country divided by ethnic and linguistic diversity.

WORLD IN REVIEW

compiled by
Heather Barton and Shaun Sintay